ZION'S HERALD.

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FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW ENGLAND AND MAINE CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOINGS OF THE CONVENTION WHICH MET AT NEW LEBANON, N. Y. JULY 18, 1827.

[CONCLUDED.]

Mr. Edwards again: "Audible groaning, violent gestures, and boisterous tones, in prayer are improper." Dr. Beecher moved an amendment by inserting the words "and unusual postures." This motion prevailed, but afterwards those words were struck out. After considerable discussion, Mr. Beman moved the following as a substitute, which was adopted: "Audible groaning in prayer is, in all ordinary cases to be discouraged; and violent gestures, and boisterous tones in the same exercises are improper." We should not suppose from this proposition, or any of its amendments, that it ever came into the mind of any of these ministers and Doctors of Divinity to inquire what is the sentiment of the scriptures upon these points. The framing of rules for the regulation of these things, appeared differently to the convention from what it does to us who are alone and in private; but whether they were in any better circumstances to judge correctly on this head, is another thing. And how can we decide in this case, seeing they have given us no data on which to reason or judge?—We hope we shall be forgiven if we utter a groan at the temerity of this convention in usurping the prerogative to determine whether we may groan, or not, in prayer; and the occasions where it is to be discouraged and when allowed. Had the convention decided that all *affectation*, whether of the *groans, gestures*, or *tones* of ardent piety, is improper, and ought to be discouraged, we should have responded a most cheerful and hearty amen; but when they go so far as to legislate for the Holy Spirit, and prescribe the measure of his influence and operation upon the hearts of men, we dare not follow them. Groaning is a natural expression of deep trouble and sorrow, either on our own account, or that of others; and *is produced* by a deep sense of our sin and misery, or the sin and misery of our fellow creatures. Hence Job and David, Paul and Jesus Christ, with many others, have expressed themselves in groans, yea, and when the inward distress has been more than groans could express, it has been called *groaning that could not be uttered;* and this by St. Paul is ascribed to the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, making intercession in us. "Violent gestures," such as that of the convicted publican, *smiting his breast;* and "boisterous tones" in prayer, such as we may suppose the Saviour used when he offered up prayers and supplications, with *strong crying and tears*, and such as the Psalmist used when he *prayed and cried aloud*, are all condemned by this convention, as "improper." But they are afraid of "enthusiasm and wild fire." And so they ought to be of *real* enthusiasm and wild fire. But if all "groaning, violent gestures and boisterous tones in prayer" are to be considered as enthusiasm and wild fire, it is evident that the best men that ever lived were enthusiasts and fanatics; and we must either reject the Bible with the Deists, or with Unitarians allow, that, though it be a good book in the main, it is not infallible, and therefore its authority may be rejected when we please. And it is evident that Deists and Unitarians are more consistent than those who admit the infallibility of the scriptures, and regard as enthusiasm and wild fire, the practices warranted by their authority. It is a happy circumstance that there was too much light in the convention to admit Dr. Beecher's motion to amend, by inserting the words, "and unusual postures;" for had it obtained, kneeling and prostration in prayer, would have shared the same fate as "groaning, violent gestures and boisterous tones." In all this, public sentiment, rather than the word of God, seems to be regarded as the standard of the actions of piety; and, if followed out, will reduce the form and spirit of religion to the taste of a philosophising age. Was it this deference *to public* sentiment, or a real fear of enthusiasm, which led to the practice of whispering in some inquiring meetings? This practice whatever may have been the motive to it, is far more inconsistent with the genius of social meetings, and far less to edification, than the practice of "all speaking according to their own inclinations."

Mr. Edwards introduced the following propositions: "Speaking against ministers of the Lord Jesus Crist, in regular standing, as cold, stupid, or dead; as unconverted, or enemies to revivals of religion, is improper." After some discussion, Mr. Beman made a motion which went to insert the following epithets—"as heretics, or enthusiasts, or disorganizers; as deranged, or mad." Mr. Edwards, however, preferred striking out his own epithets, to adopting those of Mr. Beman, and made a motion to that effect, which was lost. The question then being taken on the proposition as amended, all voted in favor of it except Mr. Edwards; and we cannot see why he declined, since it would seem quite as bad for his party to "speak against ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ in regular standing" "as heretics, enthusiasts, disorganizers, deranged or mad," as for another party to speak against them, "as cold, stupid, dead, unconverted, or enemies to revivals:" And therefore those of both parties who mutually agreed to censure this practice in themselves as well as in each other, acted a more becoming part, than he who stiffly stood out. But Mr. Edwards is a stiff man.

We do not well understand what is meant by Mr. Edwards's proposition respecting "the existence in the churches of evangelists, in such numbers as to constitute an influence" prejudicial to "pastors;" and as both evangelists and pastors are given by the great Head of the church, *for the edifying and perfecting of the saints*, we do not see that, in a regular gospel church, they can have separate interests, or the one become dangerous to the other. The supposition of this would rather indicate that some interests besides that of the church lay at the bottom.

The following proposition was offered by Mr. Edwards: "from the temporary success of uneducated and ardent young men, to make invidious comparisons between them and settled pastors; to depreciate the value of education, or introduce young men as preachers without the usual qualifications, is incorrect and unsafe." This was voted *unanimously*. Whether the mover of this proposition had in view the existence of this state of things among the Congregationalists and Presbyterians; or whether he saw a growing friendship between some of these and the Methodist and Baptist preachers, and wished that this might not be carried too far, we do not know; but if we may be allowed so to amend the proposition that it shall read as follows, we will give it our vote. "From the *apparent* success of uneducated and ardent men, whether young or old, to make invidious comparisons between them and *true* pastors; to depreciate the value of education, and introduce either young men or old as preachers, without the necessary qualifications, is incorrect and unsafe."

Mr. Edwards again:—"The immediate success of any measure without regard to its scriptural character, or its future and permanent consequences, does not justify that measure, or prove it to be right."—Adopted, *unanimously*. We will agree to this proposition, provided we may alter it so as to make it read thus: "The *apparent* success of any measure, without regard to its scriptural character," &c. And we believe the mover upon second thought, will admit our amendment; because it will appear to him as it does to us, as absurd to suppose an unscriptural measure can produce a real conversion, as for a serpent to beget a dove. God does not give his *blessing* to unscriptural measures.

Mr. Beman introduced the following proposition, to wit: "As human instrumentality must be employed in promoting revivals of religion, something undesirable may be expected to accompany them; and as those things are often proclaimed abroad and magnified, great caution should be exercised in listening to unfavorable reports." Eleven voted in favor of the proposition, and six declined voting, viz. Messrs. Norton, Beecher, Tenney, Weeks, Weed, and Edwards; who assigned the following as their reason: "As the above does not appear to us to be, in the course of Divine Providence, called for, we therefore decline to act." We confess ourselves unable to see how this "reason" could satisfy enlightened and upright minds. The proposition is general, and, besides, it involves a moral duty. And what if Messrs. Beman, Finney, &c. erred in supposing that Messrs. Beecher, Edwards, &c. had not been cautious enough in "listening to unfavorable reports," and so should feel a secret satisfaction in the adoption of the proposition; was this a good "reason" for declining to vote in favor of a general proposition and a moral duty? And did they think there was no occasion for cautioning the public on this point? We are inclined to think that Divine Providence calls upon ministers, as well as others, to be cautious in listening to unfavorable reports, and to enjoin caution upon all in every time and place.

Mr. Beman introduced the following propositions: "Although revivals of religion may be so improperly conducted, as to be attended with disastrous consequences to the church and to the souls of men; yet, it is also true, that the best conducted revivals are liable to be stigmatized and opposed by lukewarm professors and enemies of evangelical truth."

"Attempts to remedy evils existing in revivals of religion, *may*, through the infirmity and indiscretion and wickedness of men, do more injury, and ruin more souls, than those evils which such attempts are intended to correct."

On the first of these propositions eleven voted in favor, and six declined voting; and on the second, nine were in favor, and eight declined voting; and assigned the same reason as above, in both cases. As these propositions are general, and appear to be expressed with a great degree of frankness, liberality, and candor, we can see no reason of Divine Providence, why Messrs. Norton, Beecher, Edwards, &c. should decline voting; and their "reason" appears next to trifling with Divine Providence, and must have left no very favorable impression on the minds of their brethren.

Mr. Lansing introduced the following proposition, to wit; "The writing of letters to individuals in the congregations of acknowledged ministers, or circulating letters which have been written by others, complaining of measures which may have been employed in revivals of religion; or visiting the congregations of such ministers, and conferring with opposers, without conversing with the ministers of such places, and speaking against measures which have been adopted; or for ministers residing in the congregations of settled pastors to pursue the same course; thus strengthning the hands of the wicked, and weakening the hands of settled pastors, are breaches of Christian charity, and ought to be carefully avoided." Carried by nine, eight declining to vote, viz. Messrs. Norton, Beecher, &c

Although this proposition may be supposed to have a personal reference, yet it is couched in respectable terms, and breathes a Christian spirit, and contains no sentiment that any of the brotherhood ought to object to. If, therefore, Dr. Beecher, or any one of his party, had proceeded in the manner complained of, (and it is very certain that some of them had,) the only Christian course would have been to acknowledge the fact, and to have made up on this ground. But instead of this they decline voting, and assign for their principal reason something that looks very much like an evasion. The proposition speaks of certain measures taken with private members, "*without conversing with the ministers of such places.*" But in this their reasons, without saying any thing about "conversing with the ministers of such place," they go on to justify themselves by saying,—"there being cases when it is the duty of the ministers of the gospel freely to communicate, by letter or otherwise, with one another, and with private Christians, and give notice of approaching danger." Very well, gentlemen; but do you say it is their duty to do thus "without conversing with the ministers of such places?" If you do not mean to say this, all you have said is nothing to the point, and if you do mean to say it, it is hoped that very few will say as you do.

In fine, we dare not congratulate the public on the results of this convention; and if it does no *harm*, it will do better than our fears.

FRIEND TO GOOD ORDER.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

PULPIT SKETCHES.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Our attention is not called to matters of a speculative nature, nor are our feelings arrested to pay the tribute of a tear or a sigh to the memory of the virtuous dead. It is not a splendid representation of empty trifles to which we are invited; nor is our pencil dipped in the visionary colors of the poet. Ours is a loftier theme—a subject of more than stupendous moment, to which the events of millions of ages bear no proportion, and in which are involved the destinies of all mankind.

Treading on consecrated ground we unloose the sandals from off our feet, and with trembling hands lift the curtain of eternity.

The drama of the Judgment Day is our theme.

"That day of dread decision and despair!
'Tis present to my thoughts—yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess
The period, from created beings lock'd
In darkness."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

As all great and terrible events in the natural world are generally preceded by a stillness prophetic of their near approach, the eve of that "day for which all other days are made," will be calm and unruffled, and an unusual serenity will pervade creation: the heavenly bodies will shine out unrivalled in beauty and perform their various evolutions with the same precision as when first formed, and not a speck or a cloud dim the vaulted skies.

The awfully portentous day will open with the most tremendous displays of God's Eternal Majesty. Every thing which can strike terror to the heart of man will be introduced. Already every gem in the diadem of night is quenched in darkness—the king of day shorn of his resplendent beams, and the pale, silvery light of the moon is changed to a crimson bloody hue.

The trump of God will then be heard, thundering through the vast profound and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, monuments are burst asunder---the charnel houses of the dead opened---the foundations of the great deep bared, and the dead who had slept from time immemorial bursting their bonds start up in promiscuous crowds, shaking off the slumber of ages, and awakening to endless joy or hopeless misery.

"Such shall the noise be and the wild disorder,
If things eternal may be like things earthly,
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation."

THE JUDGE WILL THEN APPEAR.

The man who stood at Pilate's bar, the once afflicted, persecuted, and slain Jesus. But O, how changed! In majesty terrible He descends with the shout, with the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God. His precursors gleam far and wide over the heavens; myriads of dazzling squadrons of bright angelic spirits attend him to his burning throne. Hallelujahs and acclamations of joy strike the lofty dome, and shake universal nature.

No just nor adequate conceptions can be formed of the vastness and splendor of this august tribunal. The thrones of the sceptered Cæsars, the arbiters of worlds, with all the pomp and magnificence of the universe dwindle into insignificance, vanity, and nothingness in comparison. Innumerable companies of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, hang in rich and glorious clusters around it.

Flashes of fire issue from the Eternal's presence, and flaming cherubs encircle his footstool.

BEFORE THIS TRIBUNAL WE MUST ALL STAND.

All who have ever existed from the beginning of the world, and none shall be able to withstand or elude the summons. Were they to take the wings of the morning and fly to the remotest regions of space and observation, or shroud themselves in the dark abyss of that dreary gulf which separates hell from heaven, they would be sought out by the ministers of justice and hurried into the presence of the judge of the quick and dead. No shelter will be afforded them in all the immensity of creation, nor among the deep intricacies of unbounded nature. Every hiding place will be explored and made manifest to that great Being with whom there is no darkness nor uncertainty, nothing hidden nor mysterious.

We might as easily number the drops of the ocean, or the sands on its shores, the stars that glitter in the blue of Heaven, or the leaves on the trees as count the persons to be judged. Their number will exceed the utmost stretch of human calculation.

If this earth bears at one time near 900 million of souls, what a vast congregation will all the generations make which have succeeded each other for several thousand years and may continue to people our world till the general Judgment.

All the inhabitants of other worlds, if there are any on those brilliant worlds floating in the immeasurable fields of space---they will hear the dreadful trump of God echoing from the portals of the sky and crowd to meet him in the air.

We must all stand there. The illustrious and the obscure---the soldier and statesman—the blooming youth and venerable sire---small and great---rich and poor. Death is no respecter of persons. He knows no distinctions among men. In a few short years we must pass off the stage of time and be swept into the oblivious wave, until, reanimated by the voice of God, we take our station before the great white throne and tremble or rejoice to hear our final sentence.

"The day is broke which never more shall close." The great assize is come. The tutelary and destroying angels are returned. They have stopped the wheels of time; they have unlocked the dreary prisons of the dead, and thrown open the gates of hell. The heavenly orders with the saints who are to judge the world are placed in shining circles, or on fiery chariots wait in silent, awful expectation. The long expected trial of men and wicked angels is begun.

"I see the judge enthron'd, the flaming guard,
The volume opened, open'd every heart,
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought."

A TREMBLING WORLD IS PLACED AT THE BAR.

And now all that has been done in the body is made manifest, whether it was good or whether it was evil. Every heart is bared, and the principles and emotions of every conscience exposed. The grand inquiry is made, What were the motives which actuated us in our several pursuits--the principles upon which we fixed our hopes, or raised our expectations? Were they of such a pure and evangelical nature as shall now bear the test--as shall now stand the fiery ordeal?

The hypocrite's hopes vanish into air---his thin disguise falls off, and all his false and borrowed beauty withers. To his horror and confusion he is unmasked before those upon whom he had imposed by fair speeches and false pretensions to godliness.

The blood-thirsty conqueror, the tyrannical and cruel monarch, the ermined noble, and the proud prelate, levelled now to the condition of the meanest slave, await their trial in dread uncertainty and despair---shuddering at the punishments which await them.

See the promiscuous crowds---heaps on heaps are closed on every side, as far as eye can reach, or disembodied spirits ken--no measure to the lengthened space—no bounds, no limits set. They wait, big with horror, and overwhelmed with despair.

Here stands a group of frighted Jews--their features distorted, and their bitter wailings the prelude of the beginnings and outbreakings of their approaching misery.

There is a motley crew apparently worked up to the most fearful looking for of wrath and indignation. These are the men who dipped their pens in the waters of Meribah—who, in their sacrilegious phrenzy, called the blessed Jesus imposter, and whose impious tongues uttered the foulest blasphemies.

Yonder is a multitude no man can number, composed of different grades of character, from all neutrals in religion down to the basest of the human race.

On the right of these a glorious company advances. Numbers join them on every hand of various nations, kindreds, tongues, and people. Here are the children of Africa, the sons and daughters of Ethiopia, the red tribes of North America. Here are all colors, all degrees, and all orders of men. *Who are these?*--- Their appearance bespeaks their origin celestial and their birth divine. A calm serenity, a placid resignation, a holy joy sits triumphant on each brow.

These are they who bathed their garments in dust and blood, having warred an honorable warfare, contended valiantly for the faith of the gospel, and even in the hour of their greatest extremity triumphed over the combined powers of earth and hell. Their near alliance to the Prince of the kings of the earth, is now acknowledged in the most public manner in the presence of men and of angels, and of the God of angels.

Behold that company of weather beaten, worn out veterans, coming forward like a mighty army, distinguished by their heroic bearing and scarred honors. Those are the patriarchs, the worthies of Israel, the holy prophets, the evangelists, the blessed martyrs, the intrepid reformers in various ages of the Christian church, the missionaries of the cross to heathen lands, the devoted and zealous ministers of Christ, whose valiant deeds lie registered before the throne of God.

And now all mysteries are unravelled. The dispensations of olden times rendered simple and easy. The mysterious scenery of Jewish and gospel days displayed and explained before the wandering eyes of all God's intelligences—and, in all the announcements of the divine character, in the various and hidden directions given to the complicated movements of the whole, are seen mingled together like the colors of the rainbow in beautiful unison, the stern features of His justice, the mild traces of His love and mercy, and the brightest beamings of His majesty and glory. The band of obscurity is removed from the history of the world, and the most perfect arrangement, symmetry and beauty are discoverable in all the ways, works, and designs of Providence.

The wicked stand confounded; the apologizing and the sophist silenced, and the infidel abashed and humbled. They hear and see and know now, who the Almighty whom they rejected, despised and confronted, is; and begin to feel the full force of his avengeful arm.

The trial closes, the great decision is made, the separation line drawn, and the sentence pronounced on the evil and the good.

On the good. And then shall the king say unto them on his right, come up ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Had we an angel's pencil we might attempt a description of the glory and the felicity, which will be the portion of the saints of God in the realms of uncreated light. But the brightest seraph before his throne, would be inadequate to the task. What then! shall we poor mortals, whose powers are circumscribed, confined to earth, and clogged with the incumbrances of flesh, presumptuously aspire to paint the bliss, the joy, the full fruition of a state so glorious--a happiness so complete, so consummate?

On the evil. Here we are equally at a loss, nor are we able to describe the horrors, the sorrows of the despairing ones. Were it possible for us to disclose the secrets of their prison house, the relation would conjure up feelings the most indescribable, the most terrific and heart appalling; none would be uninterested. The trifler would be awed into solemnity; the careless and the unconcerned awakened and aroused. How fearfully should we look around us and ask the dreadful question, can we dwell in everlasting flames, or lie down in devouring fire? What heart searching would commence, what tears of true repentance deluge the footstool of mercy! What inward groanings --what bitter outcries--what fearful anticipations--what strong resolutions--what solemn promises of future amendment--what fervent prayers--what overwhelming petitions! Heaven would be assailed with holy violence; every heart would be pierced through and through with the most agonizing reflections, and heave sighs so piteous and so mournful that they would finally issue in general lamentations of sorrow and grief.

"Heaven gives the needful but neglected call;
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes."

The execution of the sentence pronounced upon our world. "For the heaven, and the earth, which are now, are reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men."

Those immense magazines of liquid fire that are confined in the centre of the earth will then burst forth with terrible explosions. Ætna and Vesuvius will open their huge jaws, and emit burning lava and fragments of rocks heated for destruction. Blood and fire and vapor and smoke will roll down the hills and cover the distant plains. The elemental war commences. Fire and water, air and earth commingle together.—Flashes of lightning in vivid streaks, gleam throughout creation. Thunders break in every direction, and rattling peals succeed each other till worlds from distant worlds re-echo dreadfully the direful clangor of the last agonies of dissolving nature. The towering mountains totter on their base, and earth reeling from her centre plunges in the fiery void. The curling volumes of liquid flame rise from the ruins of a burning world and envelop all the realms of created nature.

"The roaring winds
Now blow a hurricane around our world—
The dashing billows haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the earth!
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above
Portentous, unexpected, unexplained,
Kindle beacons in the skies, and the old
And crazy earth cracks even to her centre.
The pillars of our earth now tottering fall,
And nature with a dim and sickly eye
Awaits the close of all."

And do we stand on the broken fragment of time unconcerned? Are we suspended in the vast immensity of space--hanging over the depths of an unfathomable ocean, whose rude billows ever roll and never find a resting place--trembling on the verge of an eternity in which we are lost, and exposed to the peltings of the storms of incensed justice--and yet do we sleep—we for whom all earth and heaven are in alarm --the sole cause of this surrounding wreck, this cruel storm, this elemental war?

THE CREATION OF A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

"And I saw," says the Apocalyptic prophet, "a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were past away."—"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."—"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

The everlasting doors give way and the splendid city of the living God appears glittering with gold, and shining with precious stones.

The blood washed company advances with crowns of gold upon their heads, and palms of victory in their hands, robed in the glorious garments of righteousness, attended by harpers harping on their harps, and angels hymning with celestial melody.

The triumphal chariot of the all-conquering Emanuel, attended by all the hosts of heaven and the myriads of the redeemed gain the suburbs of paradise;—they enter through the gates of the city;—the streets of the New Jerusalem are thronged.

The emerald gates close. "He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"MISREPRESENTING OUR SENTIMENTS."

"It seems strange to us, after so many explanations have been given that our opponents will persist in *misrepresenting our sentiments.* Who holds that it is '*impossible*' in the absolute sense for saints to fall away."—"We know of no sect which denies the possibility of falling away,—in the nature of the case."

This is the language of the editor of the Connecticut Observer. What does he mean by "our sentiments?" Doubtless the sentiments of the Congregationalists, for he is a clergyman of that order, and by them the paper is generally patronized. What are the sentiments of the Congregationalists? Their sentiments are Calvinistic. This is evident from their own acknowledgments generally, and especially from their confession of faith, consented to and published by their elders and messengers assembled at Boston, May 12th, 1680; adopted by the elders and messengers of the churches of Connecticut, assembled by delegation at Saybrook, Sept. 9th, 1708, and reprinted at Bridgeport under the superintendence of a committee appointed by the General Association held in Ellington, June 19th, 1810.

That the Saybrook platform contains the sentiments of the Congregationalists of Connecticut is certain. For 1st, It was owned and assented to, by their elders and messengers, and by them "recommended to the honorable General Assembly of Connecticut for their public testimony thereunto, as the *faith* of the churches of this colony;" and it was approved by this honorable body at a general court held at New Haven the ensuing October. 2d, The doctrinal articles contained in the Saybrook platform, have never been disowned by any public act of the churches; but have been *republished* under the sanction of their ministers at Ellington as late as A. D. 1810. 3d, The doctrines contained in the platform are the same as those contained in the theological works mostly in use among them, especially the Assembly's catechism, which is generally used in their families and schools. 4th, That the Saybrook platform contains these sentiments is evident from the concessions of their own writers; one of whom in the Observer of Jan. 9th, 1826, says, "we have not abandoned the doctrinal system contained in the platform as being substantially true."

If, therefore, the Saybrook platform contains the doctrinal system of our Congregational brethren, we do not 'misrepresent' their sentiments when we say they hold that God decreed all the sin that comes to pass, for their platform says He decreed *whatsoever* comes to pass. Or when we say they hold that a certain part of mankind were eternally excluded from the possibility of being saved, for their platform says "neither are any other redeemed by Christ, or effectually called, but the elect only."—"The rest of mankind God was pleased for the glory of his sovereign power, to pass by and ordain them to dishonor and wrath."

Nor do we "misrepresent their sentiments" when we say they hold that it is "impossible" for saints to fall away,—for, 1st, This sentiment naturally grows out of their views of election, for if God has chosen them from eternity, and by an eternal decree appointed them to glory, they *cannot* miss of heaven. 2d, It is the express language of their confession of faith. See ch. xi. sect. 5. "They *can* never fall from that state of justification." And again, chap. viii. sect. 1st, "They whom God hath accepted in his beloved, effectually called and sanctified by his Spirit, *can* neither totally nor finally fall from a state of grace, but shall certainly persevere to the end and be eternally saved."

After reading these quotations from their confession of faith, how can any one say, we "misrepresent" their sentiments, when we affirm they hold that it is impossible to fall away? And how can any one say "we know of no sect which denies the possibility of falling away,—in the nature of the case." Truly we know a sect, which holds that the elect *cannot* fall away. But why they should deny that they hold so, we cannot tell, unless it is that they cannot otherwise meet the objections urged against their doctrine on account of its fatal tendency to lukewarm professors; and on account of the numerous warnings and cautions to Christians with which the scriptures abound, which would be *unmeaning* and mere scarecrows if there be no possibility of falling away. We doubt whether they will obviate these objections or successfully enforce the necessity of watchfulness—by admitting the *natural* possibility of falling away, while they believe it *morally* impossible. And we sincerely hope the charge of "misrepresenting" their sentiments will not be brought against us while we quote their confession of faith which they have never publicly renounced. When a sect has published again and again what it calls its confession of faith, we feel ourselves at perfect liberty to quote it as containing its sentiments, and we shall continue to do so until this confession is publicly renounced.

S.

MISCELLANY.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

TRUST IN GOD.

Some years ago, a pious class leader in the Methodist connexion narrated to the writer the following interposition of Divine Providence: I give the whole of it as correctly as my memory will admit. "Owing to a severe depression in trade, I was some time since greatly reduced in my circumstances. The state of my affairs affected both my mind and my body to such a degree, that my health suffered a serious injury.—One day when I went into my shop to work, I felt so remarkably feeble, owing to the want of food, that I could not proceed in business; I, therefore, returned to my house. After a short pause, I said to my wife, what have we in the house to eat? She instantly replied, 'All that you see upon the table.' I looked,—there was nothing. The poor woman felt the weight of our trying condition, but it is to be feared, that she had not learned with submission to make a sanctified use of it. James, (said the impatient female,) you have, for a considerable period of time, made a profession of religion, but I fear you are a hypocrite! If you were sincere, the Lord would not leave you to suffer as you do! This was speaking daggers to my heart. While my mind was engaged in agitating the question, I very abruptly said, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God.' But no sooner had I uttered this sentence, than my feelings were roused, and my surprise greatly excited at my temerity. Where,

thought I, can immediate help be obtained? I fear that I have said too much. My dulness, however, was soon reproved. A person suddenly opened the door, and inquired, James, have you such a number of pipes on hand? No, sir:—Can you make me that quantity in the course of a few days? I answered in the affirmative. Then, said he, in order to secure them, I will pay you down the money. He instantly handed me the sum: I went and purchased food, and, blessed be God, I have never wanted bread since!"

NAPOLEON IN HIS LAST MOMENTS.

During the 3d of May, it was seen that the life of Napoleon was drawing evidently to a close: and his followers, and particularly his Physician, became desirous to call in more medical assistance:—that of Dr. Shortt, Physician to the forces, and of Dr. Mitchell, Surgeon of the flag ship, was referred to. Dr. Shortt, however, thought it proper to assert the dignity belonging to his profession, and refused to give an opinion on a case of so much importance in itself, and attended with so much obscurity, unless he were permitted to see and examine the patient. The officers of Napoleon's household excused themselves, by professing that the Emperor's strict commands had been laid on them, that no English physician, Dr. Arnott excepted, should approach his dying bed. They said that even when he was speechless, they would be unable to brook his eye, should he turn it upon them in reproof of their disobedience.

About 2 o'clock of the same day, the Priest, Vignan administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which he desired that his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what Catholics call *une chambre a dente*. "I am neither," said he, in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every body who can be an Atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic church, and receive the assistance of its administers." He then turned to Dr. Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor, however, disowned. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed!"

As if to mark a closing point of resemblance betwixt Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the 4th of May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favorite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate.

The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's parting spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words "*tete d'armee*," the last words which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heavy fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle, which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The King is considered the head of the Church. Next in order, is the archbishop, who is chief of the clergy of a province, and has the inspection of the bishops and clergy, whom he may depose for any notorious offence. Next are the bishops, who, besides the administration of holy ordinances, have a supervision of the clergy and people. The archdeacon is the bishop's deputy; he has his separate court for the cognizance of ecclesiastical causes. Both archbishops and bishops are elected by the dean and chapter, the exercise of whose elective power is merely a consummation of the wishes of the king. The dean and chapter are composed of a number of canons or prebendaries; they perform the services in the bishop's cathedral and are his council in all ecclesiastical affairs. The parsons, rectors, vicars and curates are the subordinate classes, denominated clergy. These, with the exception of the rectors, officiate in the pulpits. In fact, the parsons, vicars and curates perform all the religious duties of the church; the rest of the Episcopal establishment are but clerical sinecurists.

The annual expense of this splendid church establishment, embracing upwards of ten thousand persons, exceeds twenty-two millions of dollars. And this oppressive burden is borne by the people of Great Britain, a portion of whom, the dissenters, pay a fifth part of the whole, to support a religion they do not profess, besides supporting their own clergy.—This system of an established church bears yet harder upon the Catholics of Ireland. The annual expense of the church establishment forced upon Ireland is more than three millions of dollars, about four-fifths of which are paid by the catholics for the support of the protestant clergy, whose religion they do not profess, and whose intolerance has deprived them of even their civil immunities.

The receipts of the higher officers of this hierarchy are as extravagant in amount as the raising of them is onerous to the people. The annual income of the archbishop is but little short of one hundred thousand dollars, and that of the bishops is about thirty-three thousand dollars, each. The average income of the officiating clergy is but six to seven hundred dollars; a small sum when contrasted with the emoluments accruing to the sinecure offices before mentioned. Though there are other sources of emolument, yet the principal revenue of the church establishment in Ireland is derived from tithes, levied upon the cattle, pigs, poultry, and potatoes of the cotters, the landed aristocracy bearing but a small portion of the burden. With the cultivator of the soil, it is but poor incitement to industry to be constrained to pay over, of the avails of his hard earnings, proportionately to the protestant church. The harder he labors the more he contributes to the support of a religion which he cannot sanction; and the more he adds to the income of a pampered priesthood, by which he is sorely oppressed and persecuted. —*Boston Patriot.*

THE COLLIER BOY.

By a sudden burst of water, some time ago, into one of the Newcastle coal pits, in England, thirty-men and forty-one boys were driven into a distant part of the pit, from which they could not return until the water was drawn off. While this was doing, though every means were used, the whole number died, one after another, either from being starved or suffocated.—When the bodies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the boys were found in a cavern by themselves. Among these, was one of very moral and religious habits; who used to comfort his poor widowed mother, by daily reading the holy Scriptures to her, when he came up from his labor. After his funeral, a friend went to visit her. While the mother showed him, as a relic of her son, his Bible worn and soiled with constant reading, he happened to cast his eyes on a candle box, with which, as a miner, he had been furnished; and which had been brought up from the pit with him. There he discovered one of the sweetest records of filial affection and steadfast piety, that one ever heard of. In the darkness of the suffocating pit, with a bit of pointed iron, he had engraved on the box his last message to his mother, in these words:—"Fret not, my dear mother; for we were singing and praising God while we had time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother."

The writer of this has seen the box, and therefore can speak to the truth of this affecting history.

FELICITOUS OCCURRENCE.

On the 8th ult. a family consisting of *eleven brothers and sisters*, bred and born in this county, and the youngest of whom is 43 years of age, and who had been separated in different states and territories, after a lapse of *forty years* or more, again all met at the residence of one of the brothers in Hillsbourg township, and there all united in perfect harmony and in the strongest bonds of affection and love. The scene was truly a solemn and interesting one, as they were soon compelled to separate and attend to their various occupations in life, and in all probability will never meet again this side the eternal world. On this occasion a very appropriate and affecting address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Labagh, which was very consoling to the audience.—*Somerset (N. J.) Messenger.*

THE GRAVE.

The sorrow for the dead, is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this it would be considered a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would forget the most tender of parents, though to remember is to lament? Who, ever when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her whom he most loved; when he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness? No; the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes it likewise has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness—Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry; no, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave!—the grave!—it buries every error ---covers every defect---it extinguishes every resentment.

From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollection. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and greatness; and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourses of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness of the passing scene---the bed of death with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance---its mute, watchful assiduities---the last testimonies of expiring love---the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling, pressure of the hand ---the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshhold of existence---the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited---every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never---never---never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent---If thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth---If thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee---If thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet---then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul ---then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the sod, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear---more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave---console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of respect;---but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN ASIA.

In the Spring of 1826, the Rev. John Hartley, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in company with the Rev. Mr. Arundal, British Chaplain at Smyrna, visited six of the "Seven Churches in Asia," viz. Smyrna, Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Pergamos, and Sardis. Mr. Hartley has given an account of what he saw and felt during this interesting journey, a part of which is published in the last number of the London Missionary Register. For the present, we must confine our extracts to what is said of the

Church of Smyrna.—The Church of Smyrna is represented (Rev. ii. 8—11.) as contending with most severe sufferings--poverty, slander, and persecution: but Modern Smyrna is a far greater sufferer. *The former things have passed away*: the faithful Smyrnæans have long since fought their battle and won their crown: but now the evils are of a different order--apostacy, idolatry, superstition, infidelity, and their tremendous consequences. On whatever side we look, we meet only with what is calculated to excite painful feelings. The religion now predominant was unknown in the days when Polycarp was martyred; and, unlike the Paganism of Rome which disappeared and fell before Christianity, still maintains its seat, and lords it over those countries where the Redeemer suffered and where His Gospel was first proclaimed. Rome is the only place of importance mentioned in the Scriptures which has not been for centuries under the Mahomedan yoke.

The population of Smyrna has been estimated at 100,000, and even more: the practice, however, of exaggerating the population, which is so general in this country, has extended, I conceive, to this enumeration. I do not think that Smyrna contains many more than 75,000 inhabitants. Perhaps there may be 45,000 Turks, 15,000 Greeks, 8,000 Armenians, 8,000 Jews, and less than 1,000 Europeans. The Mosques are more than 20. The Greeks have three churches; the Armenians, one; the Latins, two; the Protestants, two. The Jews have several Synagogues.

Mr. Jowett has given us an interesting account of the Greeks in these parts, in his "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean;" I regret to say, that, at present, a cloud has darkened that pleasing picture. The Universities of Scio and Haivali, which promised to be the cradle of Grecian Learning and Religion, have been destroyed: and a check has been given to education, which there are but slender hopes to see repaired. Smyrna has participated in the general miseries of Greece: no longer do we find Economus giving instruction to his young countrymen; and in vain do we look for any institution which is calculated to assist the studies of the rising population. I am happy, however, to remark that the "Evangelical School" still exists; an institution which owes its perpetuity to English protection, and which, if it be not calculated to lead the pupil into the field of extensive knowledge, prevents him at least from being sunk in utter ignorance: I had the pleasure of frequent intercourse with the master of this School, and found him one of the most liberal Ecclesiastics whom I have met with in the Eastern Communion. The number of pupils is about 150: but they are all very young, and their education is little more than elementary. In addition to this establishment, the Greek youths of Smyrna have no other means of acquiring knowledge, than what is furnished by very inferior Day Schools and by private instruction.

During a residence of more than four months in Smyrna, I enjoyed continual opportunities of imparting religious instruction. My excellent friend, Mr. King, found occasions of usefulness still more extensive; and I am persuaded that the divine blessing has attended his exertions. We both are fully convinced of the importance of a stationary Missionary being appointed to this place. Unless, indeed, the occasional endeavors of missionary visits should be followed up by permanent exertion, there is every reason to fear that the seed which has been sown will not bear fruit to perfection. May it please God very speedily to bestow on the Church of Smyrna a faithful Protestant Minister, who may deem it his delight and his honor to emulate the example of Polycarp on the very ground on which that reverend Martyr lived and died!

Smyrna will ever be to the Christian a most interesting spot. The conflict which was maintained here, was one of no common description. It was not only Polycarp himself, who was the gainer by his sufferings; on the firmness of the Christian Martyrs depended, under Divine Providence, the transmission of the truth to the latest generations. Had they yielded to the fury of their foes and denied the Lord who bought them, we should have been still immersed in the ignorance of our forefathers--*without God and without hope in the world.* We do well, then, to cherish the memory of these faithful servants of God; it is just for us to bless the Most High for His grace bestowed upon them. I must confess that I tread the ground, which has been signalized by the death of a Christian Martyr, with unspeakably more delight than I should visit the plain of Marathon. Here was a conflict not for the liberty which is merely co-existent with the span of human life, but for a freedom which is eternal! Here, without arms, without allies—the world and its gods were vanquished! *Here was honor won*—not that empty bubble which fallen man admires, but that *exceeding and eternal weight of glory*, which God has prepared for His faithful servants.

CAMP MEETINGS & REVIVALS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DANVILLE DISTRICT, VT.

I take this opportunity to give through the medium of the Herald, some information concerning the state of religion on Danville District, at the present time. Having just returned from a tour of seven weeks, during which time I have attended ten quarterly meetings, and three camp-meetings, and have seen every preacher on the district; I suppose I am as well prepared to give an account of the state of religion as I have ever been or shall be at any time hereafter.---Here, however, I pause, and am at a loss to know what to write, or rather what to leave unwritten; for I assure you I need the skill of the historian, biographer and poet, connected with that of the ready scribe and *leisure* to fill volumes with interesting descriptions of scenes to which I have been an eye, and an ear witness. But what I write must be confined to the narrow limits of a short letter.

There are seventeen circuits on this district, and there have been more or less conversions since Conference on every one. On some, the revivals have been very considerable, and are daily increasing in extent, interest and importance; on others, the prospect exceeds, perhaps, what was ever before seen on them. The preachers are every where received with the utmost cordiality---every circuit seeming to have the man of their choice, if not the *best* of the preachers. I do not recollect having heard a single murmur or complaint against any of the preachers from the people of their respective charges since the commencement of the conference year. The preachers, in their turn, seem as well pleased with their circuits and stations so that prosperity, peace, and quietness apparently every where prevails at present among us. Our prospects are far better than at any time last year, and we are still hoping and believing that the good work will go on, till not this part of the country only, but the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of God; even so, come Lord Jesus, and come quickly! Unto God, as the great first, and efficient cause of all good, we ascribe the praise for this good work; under Him the reciprocity of good feelings between the preachers and people in the several stations and their united exertions in the use of the appointed means of grace has contributed much in bringing this state of things forward. Our quarterly meetings also have been blessed in a very peculiar manner to the awakening and conversion of sinners, stirring up the lukewarm, quickening the faithful, and thus laying a foundation for the spread of the good work among us. But our Camp-meetings, of which we have had four since Conference, seem to have been blessed more than all our other exertions, especially the two last. Our Camp-meeting at Haverhill, N. H. which was holden immediately after Conference, and the one at Barre, Vt. which commenced Aug. 20th, and closed on the 24th, were good meetings and under God, the means, doubtless, of saving many souls and of doing much good in many other ways.

Of the Camp-meeting in Cabot you have already been informed by our beloved Br. Dorchester, with whose company and labors we were favored during the meeting. His account of the meeting so far from being exaggerated will bear the test of the strictest searching, and to it much might, I think, in truth be added; especially in the amount of good actually done on the ground, and the number converted; but this will be best ascertained, as he well observes, "at the finishing up of life's great drama;" and here we are willing to leave it giving all the glory to Him to whom all praise belongs.

At our Camp-meeting at Guildhall, which in point of numbers was, comparatively, a small meeting, much good was apparently done by the great Author of all good. The number of inhabitants in this part of the county is small and very much scattered; religion has been very low for many years; iniquity has seemed to abound, and the love of many has waxed cold. The preachers now laboring on Lancaster and Columbia circuits were informed of this state of things and appointed to meet, and if possible with the blessing of God, to effect a change. The Camp-meeting was also proposed, agreed to, and appointed, for the same reason; and blessed be God, our hopes and labors have not been "in vain in the Lord;" for there has been a very visible change for the better in most parts of these circuits since Conference. This meeting, appointed under these circumstances, and for the reason above named, commenced on the the 12th, and closed on the 17th of September, and was blessed of God to the awakening and conversion it is believed, of between seventy and one hundred souls on the ground; beside many who went away mourning. Notwithstanding the weather was somewhat inclement, and we were frequently interrupted by the rain; yet I never saw the preachers and brethren in better health and spirits, more able or willing to labor than here--- and we certainly have never had better order on such an occasion where I ever attended; and with little or no trouble on our part. A fact this, which reflects the highest honor on any community, in which such a meeting is held. Concerning Camp-meetings, much has been said, both for and against them; as to myself, I am fully convinced that they are a means of grace peculiarly blessed of God; for in the first place I am sure that I never heard such sermons, exhortations, and prayers as on those occasions; again, it is evident there are greater manifestations of the power and grace of God in the awakening and conversion of sinners, reclaiming of backsliders and revival of the faithful than is introduced at any other meeting with which we are acquainted. Once more, the savor of their influence on community is great and good; many great and good revivals of religion have followed and are now following them, not only in their immediate vicinity but often afar off. Now with these facts and a thousand others that might be named before us, who can doubt that they are blessed of God. And he who can *curse* what God *has* blessed and does *now* bless, can do, without provocation what *Balaam* could not be prevailed upon to do by any possible temptation whatever; and I hesitate not to say that I think such more hardened and wicked than *he*. Yet there are many who *out-curse* Shimei himself; my ardent prayer is "Father, forgive them," though I think *they must know*, "what they do."

May God have mercy, and save with an everlasting salvation for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord--Amen and Amen. JOHN LORD.

St. Johnsbury, Sept. 18, 1827.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

NEWINGTON, N. H.

I would observe that the Lord is carrying on a gracious work of reformation in this town. It is hoped that more than fifty souls have been converted to God within a few weeks past; mostly among the youth. Fourteen have gone forward in the ordinance of baptism, and about thirty have united themselves, on trial, with the Methodist Episcopal church in this place. The effects of our late Camp-meeting at Rochester, N. H. is sensibly felt among us: and the mercy drops have fallen on several of the neighboring towns, and there is a sound of an abundance of rain. It is the prayer of many that we may be favored with a more plentiful shower. Many of the old professors are awaked up to new engagedness with the young converts; and we believe and sing that—"there are better days a coming." JOHN ADAMS.

New Market Circuit, Oct. 5th, 1827.

UNION, ME.

We have received the following encouraging letter from Maine.

As it respects religion, in this town our prospects have been brightening for some weeks past, and we have already experienced some gentle and refreshing showers of grace. Union and harmony prevail in the church at the present time; God is pouring out his Spirit among us; several have been awakened and converted to God, and some backsliders reclaimed within a short time past--sixteen of whom have joined society. Our meetings are well attended--our congregations are unusually solemn and serious—the members of the church begin to enter into the spirit of reformation, and we think the work is just commencing, and we are looking for a general outpouring of the Spirit upon this place. Yours truly,

EZRA KELLOGG.

Union, Oct. 5, 1827.

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1827.

NOTE OF WARNING.

The inhabitants of this Commonwealth are deeply interested in the fate of "*An act regulating gifts and grants to pious and charitable uses*," which was read in the Senate last June and referred to the next session of the General Court. The proposed act contains two sections—of which the following is a true copy.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.

An Act regulating Gifts and Grants to pious and charitable uses.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That all devises and bequests made after the passing of this act, for the support or benefit of the teacher of any parish or other religious society, which shall in any manner require in the teachers, who are to receive the benefit thereof, any other qualification than that of being legally settled in such parish or other religious society, and likewise all devises, bequests, deeds, and conveyances, for any pious or charitable uses, which shall not be made at least —— months before the death of the testator or donor, shall be null and void.

Sec. 2. *Be it further enacted,* That when any gift or conveyance hereafter made for the support or benefit of the teacher of any parish or religious society shall be accompanied by any conditions, restrictions, or limitations, confining the benefit thereof to teachers who shall possess some further qualification besides that of being legally settled in such or other religious society, all such conditions, restrictions, and limitations, shall be utterly void.

In Senate, June 16, 1827.—Read, and referred to the next session of the General Court; and ordered that the same be printed in the newspapers, authorized to publish the laws of the commonwealth.

Attest, PAUL WILLARD, Clerk.

The religious community should feel that their welfare is peculiarly at stake in this matter; and, with wakeful eyes, they should look well to the import of such an act before it silently creeps into a law, that shall fill their bones with pain on the bed of death. It is not to be expected that the descendants of those who resisted to blood the trifling duties on Tea and the Stamp Act, will suffer the operation of a law that shall forbid them, in case of sudden sickness and the prospect of immediate death, to leave any bequests to churches, seminaries, ministers, or pious charities—the only danger in this case is that the public will slumber over the import of this act until it becomes a law, and, in its operation, entails calamity upon the living as well as the dying.

A few reflections will show the reasonableness of our fears on this subject. Men are always serious on a death bed, if they have a consciousness that it is such, and feel a desire generally to do justice, not only to their relatives, but to the world. Conscience is remarkably sensitive at this moment, and the dear interests of children and dependents may safely be trusted with men who lie on a death bed. They are soon to appear in judgment—they look back to see how they have accumulated their property, and look around to see what disposal to make of it, if they have not already attended to the subject. How unjust and cruel at this moment would it be to deny those in such circumstances the happiness of discharging the duties they owe to "Christ and the church," or to the interests of piety and learning! Facts, if allowed to present themselves, would demonstrate that persons on a death bed, except in cases of mental derangement or imbecility from their disorder, have more correct ideas of human life and its various duties, than they have months previous to their sickness or dissolution. Against the abuses that might arise from insanity or imbecility in the last hours of life, the witnesses to the instrument should be considered as a sufficient defence. If it should be said that a law of this import would make opulent men more careful to prepare their wills according to their wishes while in health—an answer may be found in the accumulating nature of property and its variation in value; a man cannot bring into the provisions of his will property that he has not yet accumulated; and every one will admit that a will, made one month before death, may dispose of a large property, which, before the time in which the true will should be made, has taken wing, and gone into other hands, or become so depreciated in value, that the benevolent designs of the donor would be entirely frustrated, unless a death bed will was executed.

Of the second section of the proposed act we shall not speak. *Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast.*

A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

Having recently received a communication from a respected correspondent in the parish of East Feliciana, state of Louisiana, we take the liberty, which perhaps was never contemplated by the writer, of publishing an extract, as an illustration of the unity of Christian feeling throughout our widely extended country, as well as the excellence of a religious newspaper, used as the medium to communicate and extend such generous sympathies.

"We are much pleased with our Zion's Herald; its contents are excellent; the mechanical part surpasses that of almost any paper. We say—*vive la Zion's Herald.*—At least, while it lives and I live I hope to take it. I want to hear from the children of the Pilgrims and the "cradle of liberty"—"the land of steady habits," and, whether we have an Adams or a Jackson for a President, I trust that religion will triumph in the north, south, and west—and that united we shall be and united stand--a nation impregnable to earth and hell.

"The delightful news of revivals and the continuance of them in the north are very strengthening to our hands; and we trust that ever and anon you shall hear good news from the land of slavery. Our prospects are bright; we have, indeed, hard fighting, but victory perches on our standards, and the voice of joy is heard in our camps. May our brethren at the north pray for us—for the prayer of the righteous availeth much."

A GUIDE TO THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

BY HIRAM WALDEN, V. D. M.

Haverill: pp. 32.—Printed by A. W. Thayer.

This a very independent and critical little pamphlet, on a subject that is exciting more interest at the present time than for many years past. The author says but little about past speculations or theories on baptism—he simply seeks the truth in the wide, but disputed field of philology. His criticisms on words in the original languages show at once his classical accuracy, and the strength of his reasoning. This pamphlet appears more designed for ministers and learned men, than for those unacquainted with the originals of the Scriptures. As this peculiarity would prevent its general interest as an article for insertion in Zion's Herald, we feel less regret from the prospect we now have of publishing in our columns, sometime in the winter, an original essay on the subject of baptism, prepared for publication by one who has been advantageously known as an author in our connexion. The production to which we allude, together with plain and forcible reasonings, is an echo of the voice of antiquity, and may be understood by the unlearned as well as the learned.

While we congratulate Mr. Walden on the attic point of his pen, we would congratulate the members of the Methodist Episcopal church on their liberal feelings and practices in regard to the mode, as well as the subjects of baptism.

BOOKSTORE IN LOUISIANA

A correspondent in Louisiana has communicated a statement of the great want of a religious bookstore in that section of the United States. He expresses his firm opinion that nothing will satisfy the existing demand for books of a religious character but a very extensive bookstore, which, regarded only as a mercantile enterprise, he has no doubt, would be a very productive establishment. He remarks that now it is with great difficulty that a few tracts--a few children's magazines and a few other works can be obtained. For want of books children are suffering, and schools languish. Not one quarter of the books actually needed can be procured for a great people scattered along the banks of the "king of streams."

The Agents of the book concern of the Methodist E. Church at New York are doing much and effecting wonders; yet when we reflect that nearly half a million of church members, and the families with which these members are connected, are looking to New York for books in all departments of sacred and civil literature, we must come to the conclusion that this establishment, great and effective as it is, should be rendered still more efficient--perhaps where a hundred thousand dollars is invested a million should be employed, until no note of complaint should be heard from any quarter of Zion.

DEATH OF THE REV. FREEBORN GARRETTSON.

In our last we announced the death of this venerable man of God, and successful minister of the Lord Jesus. As, however, our paper had gone to press before the news of his dissolution had reached us, we had no time to give any of the particulars. Neither is it intended now to attempt a delineation of his character or to give an account of his extensive travels, and successful labors in the cause of Christ. This will doubtless hereafter be done by his biographer. But as he has long gone in and out among us, being the oldest itinerant minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, we think it will be highly gratifying to his numerous friends and acquaintances, to have some account of his latter end.

He died of the *strangury*. Under the corroding influence of this severe disease, he lingered, some of the time in great pain, for about five weeks. He preached his last sermon, on the sabbath morning previous to his attack, in the Duane-street church, New York, on the words of St. Peter, "but grow in grace," after which he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. So he ended his public labors in "drinking of the fruit of the vine" with his brethren, "in remembrance of his Saviour's death and passion." The remainder of his life was spent in passive submission to the will of his heavenly Father, in full view of the "recompense of reward." Perhaps it is sufficient to say, on the present occasion, that father GARRETTSON evinced throughout his painful disease, a patient submission to the dispensation of God, a readiness to meet death without fear, and a steadfast hope of future blessedness. Many of his expressions indicated a mind at peace with God and all mankind, and animated with a prospect of "immortality and eternal life." At one time he would express his admiration of the perfections of God, at another say, "I am filled with the perfect love of God." To one of his intimate friends, he unbosomed himself with great freedom, rehearsing the goodness of God in his past experience, regretting his many failures, but expressing the most unshaken confidence in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; observing with emphasis, "My hope is all founded in the infinite merits of the Lord Jesus: in this hope I enjoy unspeakable consolation."

As the time drew near for his departure, the preachers who were watching with him in company

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with his exemplary companion in joy and tribulation, and his pious daughter, kneeled around his bed, and commended his soul to God. Though speechless himself, and not perfectly sensible, his countenance seemed to be lighted up with divine tranquillity and joy, while the glory of God appeared to fill the chamber where this good man met his fate. Thus, as a ripe shock of corn, he was gathered into the garner of his God, in the 76th year of his age, and the 52d of his itinerant ministry. He died at the house of his long tried friend, Mr. George Suckley, in the city of New York, about 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th ult.

His remains were taken to Rhinebeck, his late residence, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Bangs, Birch, Seney, Levings, and Field, and some other friends, who, with the bereaved widow and only child, (daughter,) had the sorrowful pleasure of seeing the lifeless body enter the enclosure in which he had so often welcomed his friends while living, and placed in that mansion where God had so frequently honored his servant with his peaceful presence. On entering this place, how many objects were seen tending to awaken recollections of past scenes, when the hospitable inhabitant, now asleep in Jesus, entertained his visiters with so much Christian simplicity, accompanied with an urbanity of manners, and a liberality of sentiment and affection, which indicated a heart filled with love to God and all mankind. On this mournfully pleasing subject, we cannot, however, dwell at this time.

On Friday, at 11 o'clock, the assemblage of a numerous circle of family connexions, friends, and neighbors, many of whom seemed deeply affected with a sense of their loss, were addressed at the house of the deceased, by the REV. THOMAS BIRCH. After this, the procession which was long and solemn, moved to the place appointed for the dead, a distance of about two miles, where the obsequies were performed by DR. BANGS, and the corpse was deposited in the earth, in the burying ground adjoining the Methodist church at the Rhinebeck Flats. A discourse was immediately after delivered by DR. BANGS, in the church, to a numerous and attentive audience, all of whom evinced their respect for the dead by attending on the mournful occasion in performing their last offices of friendship to departed worth.

In reviewing the character of the deceased, his labors and sufferings in the cause of Christ, the success it pleased his divine Master to give him in winning souls to Himself; witnessing his steadfastness in the faith, the uprightness of deportment, and integrity of purpose; and finally, seeing him sink into the arms of death "in the steadfast hope of a resurrection to eternal life;" who can avoid exclaiming, *this was a righteous man*, "and let my last end be like his?"—*Ch. Adv. and Journal.*

The Rev. William Black of the Wesleyan connexion from Halifax N. S. preached last Sabbath evening to a large and attentive audience in the Church in Bromfield Lane. His text was from 2 Corinthians vi. 2.—Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. There are some now living in this city who remember that this venerable servant of God many years since preached in Boston. He is now an aged and interesting father in Israel. Time, that has scattered snows upon his head, has not dimmed the lustre of his eyes; nor taken away the expression of goodness that beams through his countenance.

His sermon was a specimen of the first sermons of Methodism—when Wesley sounded a salvation free to all men; it was commenced with some beautiful remarks on the preciousness of the word of God, and afterwards enlarged into details of the unspeakable goodness of God in granting a day of salvation to all mankind—to some, indeed, a brighter day than others; yet He had graciously kindled a "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It would be pleasing, if our limits permitted, to follow the sermon through its various divisions, and record the language of the speaker; but we must bid farewell to him whose voice perhaps we may hear no more; praying that God, who has granted so much dignity blended with loveliness to old age, may preserve and bless His venerable servant until he passes over Jordan.

Deism in New York.—It is perhaps not generally known, that a regularly organized club is in existence in this city, called the Free Press Association. One dollar as entrance money, and twenty-five cents monthly, makes a member. The funds are applied to the support of a free press, (as they term it,) to the purchase of books, &c. &c. They have under their direction a weekly paper, with about 600 subscribers. Its object is to cast contempt on the Bible and its Divine Author, and on all those who believe its doctrines, and practise its precepts. It contains among other things, most of the Lectures which are delivered weekly before this club.

On the Sabbath, at 4 o'clock P. M. they assemble in a spacious room, from two to three hundred in number, including transient visiters. The meeting is opened by an ode sung by the club, with the assistance of a few females, who have sufficiently divested themselves of the fear of God to join in such a circle.—This is followed by written lectures, successively delivered by two or three individuals, and then closed by another ode to the praise of Nature.—*New York Observer.*

Bishop Hedding.—This venerable and Rev. father in the church of God, passed through this village on his return from the Canada Conference, and delivered two sermons in the Methodist chapel last Sabbath. His manner is very pleasing and his language plain and forcible. After the close of the second sermon, the Rev. George Wilkinson and Nathan Gray were ordained to the office of deacons in the Methodist Episcopal church, by the imposition of hands. He gave a most satisfactory account of the state of the missions among the Indians in Upper Canada; and says, among the different tribes, that "upwards of five hundred have been converted to the Christian religion since their establishment." This speaks volumes in favor of the missionary cause.—*Potsdam Am.*

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

MINUTES,

Taken at the several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1827. *New York, published by N. Bangs and J. Emory; octavo, pp.* 72.—*Price,* 18 3-4 *cents.*

This work, which has just issued from the Conference Office, contains a full and complete view of the present prosperous state of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It embraces the names of the Bishops, Elders, Deacons, and candidates for orders; designating those who have been received on trial, during the year; those who remain on trial; who are admitted into full connexion; who are the deacons; who have been elected and ordained elders; who have located; who are the supernumerary preachers; who are the superannuated or worn out preachers; who have been expelled; who have withdrawn from the connexion; and who have died, with short obituary notices. It gives the names of all the districts, circuits, and stations, together with the number of members in each, and the appointments of the several preachers; with an alphabetical list of the preachers' names, showing to what circuits, stations, and conferences they severally belong. It shows, that there are seventeen annual conferences, divided into eighty-five districts, embracing eight hundred and fifty-nine circuits and stations;—that there are fifteen hundred and seventy-six travelling preachers; one hundred and eleven of whom are superannuated; and that there are three hundred and eighty-one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven church members; being a net increase, since the last year, of *twenty-one thousand, one hundred and ninety-seven!* It also contains the following table, showing, at one view, the number of members and preachers in each conference:—

	Whites.	Col.	Ind's.	Total.	T. Pr's.
Pittsburgh Conference,	20226	206		20432	82
Ohio Conference,	29853	195		30048	90
Kentucky Conference,	17680	2812		20492	100
Illinois Conference,	14147	125		14272	52
Missouri Conference,	3009	356		3365	20
Holstein Conference,	15847	1620		17467	54
Tennesee Conference,	15607	2075		17682	76
Mississippi Conference,	8773	2724		11497	51
S. Carolina Conference,	29419	16555		45974	109
Virginia Conference,	22801	8567		31368	75
Baltimore Conference,	25513	9507		35020	97
Philadelphia Conference,	30784	8043		38827	107
New York Conference,	29852	371		30223	155
New-Eng Conference,	17787	284		18035	161
Maine Conference,	8248	6		8253	61
Genesee Conference,	30325	120	1	30446	136
Canada Conference,	8061	12	522	8595	39
					1465
				Superannuated,	111
Total,	327932	53542	523	381997	1576
Total last year,				360800	1406
Increase this year,				21197	170

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ASTRONOMY.

One who has had the pleasure of attending the Rev. Mr. Wilbur's Astronomical Lectures, lately delivered in Salem, takes this method of gratefully expressing his warmest approbation. The sublimity of the subject, the accuracy of the illustrations, the beauty of the apparatus, the richness of the diagrams, the happy talent at explanation, the occasional reference to the power, wisdom, and goodness of the SUPREME AUTHOR of all things, were well calculated to expand the human mind, to sharpen the appetite for knowledge, to call into activity every faculty of the soul, and to inspire the heart with reverence for the Deity. Compared with this entertainment, the amusements of the gay and the fashionable, are but dust, the serpent's meat. Having learned that Mr. W. expects to deliver his course in Boston, beginning the 15th inst. I most ardently desire that many may be profited by attendance on his Lectures. *Salem, Oct.* 13, 1827.

NOTICE.

A discourse will be delivered at the Church in Bromfield lane, on Friday evening next, on the Government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Mr. Maffitt; after which a collection will be taken up to aid in defraying the expenses of the delegates to the next General Conference.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

Auxiliary to important measures for the intellectual and moral improvement of the young, the subscriber is engaged in the delivery of a course of ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES. He has supplied himself with a very valuable, complete, and splendid *apparatus* for illustrations both in *descriptive* and in *physical* ASTRONOMY. With the use of this he confidently hopes to impart more knowledge of that sublime science in a few evenings, than would be gained in the usual course of reading in as many months. The pre-eminent utility of an acquaintance with this science needs no proof, at this day. Two sentences from Dr. Watts may not be unappropriate here. "If it were possible, I would persuade all mankind to gain some acquaintance with the vastness, the distances and the motions of the planetary worlds. It gives an unknown enlargement to the understanding, and affords a divine entertainment to the soul and its better powers."

Terms.—For the better accommodation of the citizens of Boston, it is proposed to give two courses.—Each course will consist of *eight* Lectures. One course may be expected on Monday and Tuesday evenings for *four weeks* in succession. A second course on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of the same four weeks, embracing the same lectures delivered on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The subscriber has engaged the upper Julien Hall, a very central, spacious, convenient, and elegant room at the corner of Congress and Milk streets, not far from the Post Office. That the terms may be considered reasonable for a city, and a great number be benefited, judicious friends have recommended, that for one course of *eight* Lectures, a *family ticket* be offered at *ten* Dollars, a ticket for *two* at five dollars, a ticket for one three dollars, and an admittance for a single evening fifty cents. The first course will commence Monday evening the 15th inst. Should the birth place of Franklin give as generous patronage to these Lectures as the city of his residence, or the metropolis of another State where the Lecturer was honored with the attendance of the Governor and his family, new obligations would be conferred on the subscriber.

H. WILBUR.

REV. MR. SABINE

Has commenced his course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy in Boylston Hall.

COURSE.—Lecture 1, *Matter*, Properties and Laws.—2, *Mechanics*. Laws, Gravitation and Motion.—3, *Mechanic* Powers.—4, *Pneumatics*. Properties of the Atmosphere.—5, *Pneumatics*. Experiments.—6, *Hydrostatics*. Principles, Fluids, Specific Gravity.—7, *Chemistry*. Elements, Changes, Gasses, Experiments.—8, *Electricity*. History, Electrical and Magnetic Fluids. Experiments.

TERMS.—Ticket to admit three persons, five dollars; single ticket two dollars. Young persons one dollar. Tickets may be had at the door.

☞ Evenings of Lecture, Tuesday and Friday, at half past 7 o'clock.

Just published, by FREDERICK T. GRAY, Boston, and G. and C. CARVILL, New York, the

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—No. LVII.

CONTENTS.

ART. I. *Convention for adopting the Federal Constitution.*—The Debates, Resolutions, and other Proceedings, on the Adoption of the Federal Constiution, as recommended by the General Convention at Philadelphia, on the 17th of Sept. 1787. Collected and revised by Jonathan Elliot. Vol. I. Containing the Debates in Massachusetts and New York.
II. *Who wrote Gil Blas?*—1. Observations Critiques sur le Roman de Gil Blas de Santillane; par J. A. Llorente. 2. Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana, robadas a Espana y adoptadas en Francia por Monsieur Lesage, restituidas a su Patria y a su Lengua nativa por un Espanol zeloso que no sufre se burlen de su Nacion. (J. F. de Isla.)
III. *Russian Embassy to Bukharia.*—Voyage d'Orenbourg, fait en 1820, a travers les Steppes qui s'étendent a l'est de la Mer d'Aral, et au dela de l'ancien Iaxartes; rédigé par M. le Baron George Meyendorff.
IV. *M'Kenney's Tour to Lake Superior.*—Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes, of the Character and Customs of the Chippeway Indians, and of Incidents connected with the Treaty of Fond du Lac. By Thomas L. M'Kenney.
V. *Bowring's Servian Popular Poetry.*—Servian Popular Poetry, translated by John Bowring.
VI. *Life of Major Cartwright, the English Reformer.*—Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright; edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright.
VII. *Cooper's Political Economy.*—Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy. By Thos. Cooper.
VIII. *Speeches of Henry Clay.*—The Speeches of Henry Clay, delivered in the Congress of the United States; to which is prefixed a Biographical Memoir; with an Appendix, containing his Speeches at Lexington and Lewisburg, and before the Colonization Society at Washington; together with his Address to his Constituents, on the Subjects of the late Presidential Election.
IX. *Reforms in Grammar.*—The True English Grammar; being an Attempt to form a Grammar of the English Language, not modelled upon those of the Latin, Greek, and other Foreign Languages. By William B. Fowle.
Note.—Captain Cleveland's Voyage from China to the Northwest Coast of America.
Quarterly List of New Publications.
Index.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Professor Porter and Professor Hovey delivered their inaugural discourses on Friday, the 5th inst. in the college chapel. The former gentleman commenced the labors of instruction in college some months since, but has not till now entered upon his appropriate course of duty, in his own department. The occasion naturally led him to a consideration of the character and utility of such studies as are to be prosecuted under his direction, and with his assistance.—Moral Philosophers, and some Christian Professors of Ethics, have often studiously kept their science aloof from all connexion with the Scriptures, and Pagan Philosophy has long been taught in Christian institutions. The discourse of Professor Porter, forbids any fear that such will be the scheme of Philosophy taught here. Without foregoing any aids of human wisdom, the language of Divine wisdom is ever to be studied: and, wherever it has deigned to teach us, we are implicitly to take its directions. After speaking at some length of the labor and skill necessary to train the young to the best use of the tongue and the pen, he dwelt on another point, which we hope will never be lost sight of by those who shall enjoy his instructions. He taught that the highest and most valuable use, to which all attainments in writing or speaking can be applied, is the moral and religious improvement of our fellow men.

Professor Hovey's discourse was a distinct and able exposition of the grounds, on which mathematical and philosophical studies have been allowed so large a place in the common plan of a liberal education,—and urged their title to a continuance of the esteem in which they have so long been held. At the same time, the value and interest of other studies, and those of more modern introduction, were allowed with a fulness and cheerfulness, such as might be expected from one who had himself shared in their best influences.

These two young gentlemen were once members of the same class here, and afterwards attained the most honorable college distinctions—one here, and the other at another institution. Both were afterwards tutors a considerable time, where they graduated, and after enjoying the best opportunities found in our country, in the pursuit of theological studies, and becoming preachers of the gospel, they are now returned, one of them with added experience as a professor elsewhere, to the place where they first began their course. Here they are associated in labors, which we hope they may long live to prosecute with honor and satisfaction to themselves, and the Institution.

The course of Chemical lectures this year, it is expected will be given by Dr. Torrey, late Professor of Chemistry at West Point, and now in the Medical college in the city of New York.

We understand a more thorough system of measures designed to produce punctuality and exactness in all the college duties, has been introduced, and some improvement made in the course of study; and that some other changes are under consideration.—*Williamstown Am. Advocate.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mule Silver.—We are informed, by a correspondent, that the mules employed at the amalgamating mines, in Mexico, are opened after death, and that from two to seven pounds of silver are often taken out of the stomach. He says that he is in possession of a specimen which is perfectly pure and white as it generally is.—*Silliman's Journal, No.* 1, *Vol. XIII.*

RUTLAND, Vt. Oct. 9.

More Rich Treasures discovered in our Mountains.—An extensive bed of *Manganese* of the purest kind, has recently been discovered in Chittenden, this county, on the farm of Wolcott H. Keeler, Esq. We are informed that about 50 tons has already been dug. Mr. Jacob Davy of Fairhaven, and Mr. Barnard of Chittenden, are engaged in it, and it is apprehended that it will prove to be a very handsome business to them. It is said to be worth about $50 per ton.

Artificial Eyes.—Mr. John Scudder, of New York, advertises that on application to him, he will supply the loss of an eye, by an artificial one, made to imitate the real eye, and to move with it in any direction, and so nearly resembling life, as "to deceive the most skeptical." His eyes are made of the finest French enamel, highly polished, and he says will last twenty years if not broken, and may be worn with ease and without the least pain.

The Rev. Dr. Macauley, of New York, has been elected President of Transylvania University, in Kentucky, recently under the care of Dr. Holley.

We learn that the Rev. Absalom Peters, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, has been unanimously invited, both by church and congregation, to become Colleague Pastor with the Rev. Dr. Payson of Portland.

A child seven years of age near Montreal having been sent on an errand to a field, lost her way, and was not found until six days after. She was dead—her lower extremities were in a small pool of water, and her head reclining on the bank.

Wm. H. Fitzhugh, Esq. is making a new experiment as to a mode of emancipating slaves—excellent to themselves and the country, if expectations are realized. He has laid out two farms, placed a limited number of slaves on each. They are to pay a reasonable rent, and the surplus of their earnings is to be appropriated to the purchase of their freedom. Eventually, if successful, they may obtain it, and with it habits that would make them good members of society. As far as the experiment has gone, it promises well. The men are industrious and prudent.

Camden, (S. C.) Sept. 22.—On Wednesday last, an Alligator, of unusually large size, was discovered by a negro man, crossing the main road a short distance below the Bridge over Pine Tree Creek. He was pursued, the negro having collected a number of others, and discovered in a small pond, formed in the bend of the creek. His course to the main creek being cut off, and the shallowness of the water preventing his concealing himself, a rope was procured; and, as he lay near the shore, a noose passed over his head. He did not attempt to escape until he felt the rope round his neck, when his exertions became violent. When partially exhausted by his efforts and strangled by the rope, they succeeded in cutting his throat. He was brought to this place and measured ten and a half feet in length, and weighed 346 pounds.—*Char. Gaz.*

AWFUL CALAMITY.

Three men, a father and two sons, named Saul, were killed on the 5th ult. near Columbus, in Ohio, in attempting to descend into a well, filled with fire damp. The particulars, as they have been related to us, were as follows: they had been engaged in digging the well, and had descended twenty feet. It was observed, the night before, that on coming out, the workmen appeared unusually pale. On returning to work yesterday morning, a brother-in-law of the young Sauls, first attempted to descend, but experienced so much distress before he reached the bottom, that he requested to be drawn up. One of the young men then got into the bucket, and was let down about half, when he fell to the bottom of the well. His brother immediately attempted to descend to his relief, but likewise fell before reaching the bottom. The father then, contrary to the remonstrance of those about him, insisted on being let down: he had descended about half way, when he called out to be drawn up again, but before he reached the top, he also pitched out and fell dead—upon his dead sons. Means were immediately taken to recover the dead bodies, and attempts were made to resuscitate them, but vitality was wholly extinct.—*Western Statesman.*

Suicide.—On Monday evening 1st inst. *Hannah Winslow*, in an intoxicated state, jumped into the Mill Creek from a tenement in Hatter's square. Her body was taken from the water in a short time, during which she had floated up the creek to above the bridge in Hanover-street, lifeless. Efforts were immediately made to restore her to life, but without effect.

Murder.—One of those horrible deeds of cruelty which habitual intemperance prepares men to commit, was perpetrated at Westfield, on Saturday, Sept. 29. *Robert Bush*, who married the daughter of a respectable citizen of W. became intemperate, and his wife was obliged to separate from him. On Saturday he came to the house where she lived with a musket. As he approached, a little girl saw him and told his wife: she attempted to retreat into the cellar, but as she was passing through the door to go down, he fired, and the whole charge passed through her arm into her body, and she lived but a short time. Bush made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself with laudanum, before he was committed to gaol.—*Hampden Journal.*

Judge Daggett, of the Connecticut Supreme Court now sitting at Hartford, lately rejected a witness who disbelieved in the existence of the Supreme Being and a future state, very properly remarking that though he would not rule out the evidence of a witness for holding religious sentiments different from the mass of the community, much less for holding different religious sentiments from his own, he could not sit and hear a witness professing to testify under the sanction of an appeal to the Searcher of hearts, when the very existence of such a Being was denied by the witness.

From the St. Louis, Mo. Observer, Sept. 5.

War News!—By the arrival of St. Louis and Galena packet, from the Upper Mississippi, on the 3d inst. we have received the important intelligence that the Winnebagoes had refused to treat with Gov. Cass at Green Bay, and that in consequence Gov. C. had written to Gen. Atkinson, informing him of this fact, and also, that the war-club had been passed to the Potowattamies, or in other words, that that tribe, or a part of them, had joined the Winnebagoes in hostility against the United States. Gov. Cass, therefore, committed the further management of these savages to Gen. Atkinson, who accordingly left *Prairie du Chien* on the 29th, with his command, consisting of about 600 men, for the Portage on the Ouisconsin, where he was to be joined by Maj. Whistler, from Green Bay, with a small body of regulars and militia, and 100 Menomonies. Gen. Dodge and Major Whitesides, of Fever River, also had left that place on the 29th, with about 140 mounted men, destined for the English Prairie, where it was expected they would fall in with the main force under Gen. Atkinson. The Indians were in body to the number of about 400, at the Four Lakes, 40 miles from the Portage.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky. Sept. 8.

Murder and Suicide.—On Saturday evening last, a Captain James Burton on Floyd's fork in Oldham county, committed one of the most barbarous and brutal acts ever perpetrated in a civilized country. It is stated that Mrs. Burton had for some time entertained serious religious impressions, and had expressed a desire to become a member of the Baptist Church; but her husband opposed her wishes, and said he would take her life sooner than consent to her joining the church. On the day he committed the fatal deed, she wished to go to a Methodist meeting in the nighbourhood, but he would not suffer her, and commenced abusing her in a most cruel manner, drawing a large knife, with which he threatened to take her life. She retreated up stairs, and he pursued her with more than savage ferocity, where he would have executed his bloody design if she had not have jumped out of the window of a two storied house, in hopes of escaping from the monster—but unfortunately, in the fall, she broke one of her legs, and was unable to make good her retreat. He came down stairs and carried her into the house, placed her upon the bed, and tied his pocket handkerchief around the fractured leg. She begged him to go for a physician, declaring that if he did, she would not tell that he had been the cause of the misfortune. He told her that he would "soon be doctor enough for her," and took his rifle, and deliberately shot her through the head, just above the right eye. He then reloaded his gun and tied the trigger to the latch of the door, and fired with a view of killing himself, but in this he failed. He took another drink of grog, loaded his gun again, sat down on the side of the bed where his bleeding wife was gasping her last, placed his gun between his legs, and holding the muzzle a little above his left eye, he fired it off by placing one of his toes upon the trigger. All this was done in the presence of several small children, both white and black, the oldest of whom is ten or eleven years of age, and the daughter of this unfortunate man and woman, who is said to relate the foregoing particulars of the affairs. Capt. Burton has been for two or three years in habits of excessive intemperance, by which it is said, his mind had become impaired, and at the time of committing the above enormity he was in a fit of intoxication, and was thought to be in a state of mental derangement.—*Shel. Com.*

BOSTON PRICES CURRENT.

FOREIGN PRODUCTIONS.

COFFEE—6 mos. (duty 5 cts. per lb.)			
Porto Rico,	13½ a 15½	Java,	15½ a 16½
Havana,	13 a 13½	St. Domingo,	13½ a 14
Brazil,	15	Triage,	10 a —
Mocha,	24 a 31½		
COCOA—100 lbs. (duty 2 cts. per lb.)			
Caraccas	24 a 26	Surinam,	11½ a 12
Cayenne,	11½ a 12	Island,	8 a 9½
DYE-STUFFS AND WOODS.			
Logwood, Campe.	28 a 30	Indigo, Ben.	1,90 a 2,80
" St. Dom.	24 a 25	Manilla,	1,75 a 2,00
" Honduras,	23 a 25	Spanish,	1¼ a 2
Camwood,	55 a 56	Guitam. Flor.	2,00 a 2,25
Nicaragua,	28 a 30	Sobres,	1,37 a 1,85
Hache,	65 a 70	Cortes,	nominal
Braziletto,	33 a 38	Sumac,	85 a 88
Fustic,	22 a 25	Madder, Dutch,	17 a 18
Lignumvitæ,	16	Cochineal,	3¼ a —
Sapan wood	71½ per ton.		
FRUITS, (various duties.)			
Oranges,	3 a 4½	Lemons,	1 a 2½
Figs, Turkey,	7 a 8	Raisins, bunch,	2,75 a —
" drums,	7 a 8½	" bloom,	1,75 a 2,12
Filberts,	5 a 5½	" Muscatel,	2,25 a 2,50
Almonds, Jordan,	— a 25	" Caraburna,	7 a 7½
Raisins, Malaga,	7¾ a 8¼	Currants,	10 a 12
IRON, (duty 90 cts. cwt.)			
Old Sable, PSI,	100 a 103	English, round,	85 a 86
" FAD,	90 a 93	" flat and square,	83 a 85
New Sable,	94 a 95	" sheet, per lb.	9 a 11
Swedes, com. ass.	95 a —	Russia, "	9 a 14
" extra sizes,	95 a 1,15		
MOLASSES, (duty 5 cts. per gall.)			
Cuba,	33 a 34	Surinam,	32 a 33½
Mart. and Guad.	33 a 34	English Island,	31 a 31½
Domarara, none		Retailing,	31½ a 32½
NAILS, (per lb.)			
3d. cut,	7½ a —	Assorted, above 4d.	6 a 6¼
4d. cut,	6½ a 7		
NAIL RODS, (per lb.)			5¾ a 6
OILS, (duty 30 per cent.)			
Florence, 30 fl.	6 a 6¼	Olive, cask,	100 a 125
French, 12 bot.	4 a 4¼	Sperm. Winter,	65 a 70
Palm,	7½ a —	Linseed,	77 a 78
SPICES.			
Cassia, in mats,	25 a 26	Cinnamon,	1,25 a 1,50
" in boxes,	26 a 28	Cloves,	58 a 61
Ginger, race,	8 a 9	Mace,	1,40 a —
ground,	7 a 8	Nutmegs,	1,35 a 1,40
Pepper,	17½ a 18	Pimento,	23 a 24
STEEL, lb.			
English blistered,	15 a —	Halbach	13 a —
N. and S.'s Cast,	20 a —	Swedish, tub,	5¾ a 6
Hassenclever,	12½ a —	Bar. per 2210 lbs.	115 a 120
SUGARS.			
Havana white,	13½ a 15	Manilla,	9¼ a 9½
" brown,	11½ a 11½	Canton white,	12 a 12½
Muscovado,	7½ a 9½	Bengal white,	10
Loaf,	17 a 18	Bastard white,	12 a 13
Lump,	15½ a 16	" brown,	10½ a 11½
Trinidad, brown,	9½ a 10	Facings,	12½ a —
" white,	12 a 14	Sugar House,	11 a 12
Brazil white,	12½ a —	Porto Rico,	8 a 9½
" brown,	8 a 9½		
SALT, (duty 20 cts. 26 bush.)			
St. Ubes,	3 3-8 a 3½	Turks Island,	3¾ a 3¼
Liverpool, coarse,	2¼ a 3	Isle of May,	3¾ a —
Cadiz,	3 3-8 a 3½	Lisbon,	3 3-8 a 3½
SALT PETRE.			
Crude,	5½ a 6	Refined,	7½ a —
TEAS, (various duties.)			
Gun Powder	1,10 a 1,20	Souchong,	49 a 50
Imperial,	1,10 a 1,20	Bohea,	29 a 30
Hyson,	1,00 a 1,12	Young Hyson,	75 a 88
Hyson Skin,	52 a 65		
WINES, (various duties.)			
Catalonia,	44 a 46	Malaga, dry,	51 a 60
Sicily Madeira,	1,06 a 1,12	sweet,	54 a 60
in qr. casks;	1,12 a 1,16	Canary,	98 a 100
WOOL, (imported.)			
Smyrna,	16 a 20	Unwashed,	8½ a 12
Spanish washed,	50 a 60		

DOMESTIC PRODUCTIONS.

BUTTER,			10 a 17
COTTON.			
Upland & Ala.	9½ a 12	New Orleans,	10 a 15
Sea Island,	18 a 22		
CANDLES.			
Mould, 13 a 13½	Dipped, 12½ a —	Sperm,	28 a —
CHEESE.			
Skimmed,	2½ a 3½	New Milk,	7 a 9
FISH, (per 112 lbs.)			
Cod, G. Bank,	2,75 a —	Bay Chaleur,	2,67 a 2,75
Store,	— a —	Lab. com.	— a —
Pollock,	1,87 a —	Mackerel, No. 1,	4¼ a 4½
Herring scale,	50 a —	" No. 2,	4 a 4¼
No. 1,	40 a —	" No. 3,	3 a 3¾
No. 2,	30 a —		
FLOUR.			
Baltimore,	5¼ a 5⅜	Canal, new,	4¼ a 4½
Wharf, new,	4⅝ a —	Genesee, new,	4¾ a 5
Susquehannah,	4½ a 4⅝	Alexandria,	4¼ a 4½
Richmond, C.M.	5¼ a 5⅜	Philadelphia, new,	4¾ a —
GRAIN.			
Corn, Northern,	66 a 67	Oats,	36 a 38
Southern,	66 a —	Barley, per bush.	— a —
Rye,	66 a 67		
HOPS,			12 a 14
LIME, Thomaston,			90 a —
LUMBER, (per 1000—cash.)			
Merchantable Boards,	Kennebec,		12 a 14
	Saco,		9½
	Bangor,		20 a 22
	Machias,		18 a 19
	Quoddy,		20 a 22
Sheathing Boards,	10	Hemlock joist & plank,	7 a 8
Laths, split 1, sawed,	1¼	Spruce Joist,	10
Ton Timber,	4 a 4½	Shingles,	2 a 3½
Pine Ranging,	3½ a 4	Clapboards, com.	8 a 12
		best,	18 a 20
OILS.			
Winter Sperm.	70 a 75	Summer,	68 a 70
RICE, Carolina,			3 a 3¾
TOBACCO.			
Manufactured, Rich.	7 a 13	Ken. selected,	6½
Ken.	6 a 10	Bull's Eye.	3½ a 4¼
Virginia Leaf,	5 a 8	St. Domingo,	12 a 30
Kentucky do.	4½ a 6	Cuba,	20 a 30
TALLOW,			9 a 10
WOOL, American.			
Full Blooded,	40 a 50	Lambs, pulled,	35 a 40
Cross,	28 a 35	spin'g, 1st sort,	32 a 35
Hatting Wool,	35 a 40	2d,	25 a —

MARRIED,

In this city, Mr. Joseph M. Sherburne, to Miss Sarah Augusta Pollard: Mr. Leonard Holmes, to Miss Fanny, daughter of Rev. Hosea Ballou: Mr. Hypolite N. Faque to Miss Mary Closson: Dr. William Grigg, of New York, to Miss Eunice Maria Faxon, daughter of Nathaniel F. of this city: Mr. Thomas D. Shumway, merchant, of New York, to Miss Mary, daughter of Wm. Blackstock, Esq. of this city: Mr. Richard T. Woods, to Miss Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. James Dorety: Mr. Joseph Metcalf Brown, of Newport, R. I. to Miss Maria Terry, of this city: Mr. Thomas B. Hawkes, to Miss Sarah Farnsworth.

In Smithfield, Capt. Nathaniel Bacon, of Boston, to Miss Mary Eldridge.

In Salisbury village, N. H. Mr. Abel Phelps, of this city, to Miss Maria M. Stevens, of Peterboro', N. H.

In Philadelphia, Capt. James R. Davis, of Boston, to Miss Mary Anne Hughes of Cape May.

DIED,

In this city, Mr. Ebenezer Andrews, aged 43: Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Capt. David Phillips, 54: Margaret O'Leary, 20: Mr. Isaac S. Jenkins, 47: Mrs. Sarah Emmons, wife of Mr. Thomas Emmons, 77: Mr. Bernard Melvout, 47: Mrs. Sarah Ford: widow Martha Passarow, 64: Mr. Elisha Tucker, 43: Mrs. Sally Hill, 37.

In Chelsea, Mass. Oct. 7, widow Rachel Belcher, 71.

In Weymouth, on Friday the 5th inst. Susan B. wife of Alvah Raymond, 33.

In East Kingston, N. H. on the 3d. inst. Mr. Nathan Smith, 40.

In Salem, N. H. Mr. Frederick G. Buxton, late of Boston, 28.

In Tidmouth, Vt. Lt. Neri Crampton, 84, a soldier of the French and revolutionary wars, and one of the men engaged with the famous Col. Ethan Allen, in capturing Ticonderoga, in 1775.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BOSTON.

ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, Oct. 8—*Arrived*, ship Corvo, Rich, Cronstadt Elsinore; brig Carroll, Piper, St. Ubes 28th Aug.; schs. Combine, Martin, Cape Haytien, Sally, Lewis, Streights of Belleisle; Betsey, Pierce Buck, Labrador.—*Cleared*, brigs Floyd, Tripp, Havana; Traveller, Bignoll, Trinidad, Cuba; Corsair, Somers, Gibraltar and a market; Robert Patten, Gardner, Alexandria; schs. Madeira Packet, Allen, St. Michaels and a market; Chesapeake, Mallet, New York.

9—*Arrived*, ships Kent, Somes, Liverpool; New England, Hunt, St. Ubes; brigs Pilgrim, Williams, Port au Prince; Geo. Henry, Watts, Halifax; Rhine, Robbins, Rotterdam; Mary, Mayo, St. Ubes: Algerine, Lewis, Baltimore; Atlantic, Hathaway, New York; Wm. & Henry, Lincoln Philadelphia 9, Susan, Herriman, do.; schs. Sciot, Norris, Trinidad, Cuba; Patriot, Story, Matanzas; Lincoln, Hathorne, Alexandria; Harriet, Willey, do.; Mohican, Godfrey, Baltimore; Helen, Bragg, Richmond; Turk, Howes, New York, Greek, Nickerson; Intention, Phillips, Rappahanock River 8; Hero, Burrows; Mohican, Sparrow; Advance, Howes; and Minerva, Marshall, all from New York; Caroline, Smith, and Bethiah-Ann, Snow, Labrador; Two Sisters; Ann, Flower, Hartford—*Cleared*, brigs Bruce, Paterson, Port au Prince; Charles Lord, Valparaiso and a market; Albert, Melcher, Salem; schs. Franklin, Doane, Wilmington; Lucretia, Gibbs, Washington, N. C.

10—*Arrived*, sch. Sally Ann, Ward Baltimore—*Cleared*, schs. Eclipse, Hallet, New York; Wm. Penn, Clark, Philadelphia.

11.—*Arrived*, brig Congress, Hall, Malaga; sch. Midas, Weeks, Charleston—*Cleared*, brigs Nancy, Hooper, St. Christophers and a market; Acorn, House, Philad.; schs. Minerva, Marshall, St. Andrews; Magnolia, Leach, Richmond; Jew, Gould, New York; Harriet Francis, Ellis, Edenton, N. C.; sloop Jasper, Scudder, New London.

12—*Arrived*, brigs Carib, Nickerson, Omoa; Helen, Stilphen, St Croix; Norna, Rand, Antwerp; Hope, Ropes, Palermo—*Cleared*, ship Jasper, Blackler, Valparaiso and a market; schs. Elmira, Moore, Vera Cruz, Visscher, Ingraham, Albany.

13—*Cleared*, Swedish ship Carl Johan, Portelly, St. Barts; brigs Calloa, Beach, St. Thomas and a market; Orestes, Nason, Kennebunk; Vesta, Huckins, Balt; schs. Baltimore, Howland Gottenburg; Boston, Hogan, Bath; Brothers, Harlow, Plymouth; Eliza Jane, Pease, Philadelphia; Advance, Howes, N. York.

14.—*Arrived*, brigs Atlantic, Proctor, Surrinam; Nile, Forbes, Montoviedo; Ida, Hallet, Baltimore; Canning, Warren, Kingston; sch. Splendid, Norwood, Philadelphia.

The two last numbers of Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary for the Rev. Amasa Taylor are at my house in Wilbraham.
Oct. 5, 1827. PHINEHAS PECK.

Five boxes and 2 bundles, directed to Rev. John Lord, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, are now in the Methodist Book Store No. 91 Court St. Boston. If Brother Lord will give directions how they are to be sent, they shall be forwarded immediately.
Boston, Oct. 4, 1827. B. JONES.

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Crystal Hunter.

THE COMING NIGHT.

The stealing wave receives the twilight's pearl;
The western clouds are losing Phœbus' kiss;
The purple smoke in vain attempts to curl,
Above the line where Venus smiles in bliss.

Yon noble ship displays her every wing,
And woos the night-wind for its fitful sigh;
Her little topsail looks a birdlike thing,
Which leaves the earth to commune with the sky.

Where the horizon trembles cold and blue,
A silver herald whispers of the moon;
While nature draws out perfumes with the dew,
And brings her soft nurse like an angel's boon.

O, beauty-breathing God! if one so frail,
So sinful, at this quiet time can see
A paradise above yon little sail—
A type of glory blessing hill and tree:

How must the good man fill his spotless soul
With all the gushing poets sometimes feign!
How make thy colors through his mind's eye roll!
How drink the landscape as the sands the rain!

Thou art all mercy, beauty-breathing God!
Or why should I, a sad self-shipwreck'd man—
Know that thy pearls adorn the dewy sod,
Or thus enjoy the bright lines of thy plan?

And if a mortal so thy works can feel,
How shall a spirit bear the beams of thee,
When the last trump must send through worlds a peal,
And wake pale millions to eternity. C. E. E.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell, fair daughter of the sun. No more
Thy genial influence spreads all nature round,
And decks with smiles the forest and the glade.
The noon-tide heat and evening breeze, no more
Alternate cheer the lab'rer and the soil;
Nor sing the warblers on a thousand trees:
The *whip-poor-will* by night sings not again,
Nor red-breast greets the breaking morn with joy.
Ere long the murm'ring brook shall silence keep,
Fast bound in fetters, wrought by winter's hand.
The fading verdure of the gen'rous field,
And with'ring flow'rs, and falling fruits around,
Announce, fair summer, thou art early fled.
Why didst thou leave so soon our happy clime?
Were men unthankful, or unmindful grown
Of thy great favors; hence thy sudden flight?
Or fear'd'st thou fell luxury would come,
If longer thou hadst stay'd, and in her train
Concupiscence with all her wanton brood?
Silent, thou leavest me to sad conjecture.
Since thou art gone, as sacred writ foretold,
(Winter and thou rotation endless keep,
Till all things have an end;) *Contentment* come,
Come *Meditation*, and repair the loss.
Creative wisdom saw 'twas "*very good*"
The seasons should revolve: each in its turn
Successive blessings brings, for ever new.
What though no more in verdant fields I roam,
Nor more am charm'd by nature's feather'd band,
Or fann'd by ev'ning zephyrs calmly sit,
And from my window see the village crowd
Of boys at play, or hear the sages talk
Of weather, harvest, news; what though the sun
Is late to rise, and closes soon the day;
And what if summer not a vestige leaves
Of her domain—resigning all to fate,
Yet nature's God is here! And He, my soul
Shall cheer, and teach t' enjoy the season's change.
Farewell then, months of sunshine: as ye go,
Bless other lands as ye have blessed ours.
Around the earth spread mercies thick and large;
But if from polar regions interdicted,
Then light and warm and fertilize the earth,
Where'er Omniscience hath your circuit mark'd.
When days and nights of cold, and wind and storm,
And weeks and months have pass'd of winter's reign;
When nature's annual sleep once more is broke,
And Sol advances in his flowing car,
Fair spring, thy eldest sister hurrying on,
Then I'll look out for thee, from southern climes,
With fragrant odors and new blessings fraught.
But now to mitigate the parting pain,
Thy younger sister, autumn, leave a while;
For in her looks something of thine we see.
Her now we welcome; Heaven's gracious boon,
To comfort, and prepare us for the reign
Of sternest winter. Author of seasons,
Grant me wisdom this trying change t' improve!
Life, like the summer, shortly will be gone;
Cold death will freeze the current in my veins,
And blast the whole of mortal pleasures. Lord
Help me like that insect,* fit monitor,
In summer to prepare for winter's gloom.
Then shall the brilliant, resurrection morn,
Break the long winter of the dreary tomb,
And loose my spirit, (spring doth sleepers loose,†)
And set me free to hail that glorious sun,
Which shall in Heav'n eternal summer pour. A. L.

* *The ant.*
† *Several kinds of animals sleep all winter, and awake as the spring opens.*

THE DELUGE.

AFTER POUSSIN.

The birds had sought the silence of the woods,
And the beasts crouched them in their solitudes;
Man hurried to and fro, with pallid cheek,
And wandering eyes, that in their silence speak
Unutterable things: no voice was heard,
And not one breath of air the drooping foliage stirred.

There was a silence brooding o'er the earth,
Like that which heralds the young earthquake's birth;
Dark clouds were sweeping slowly through the sky,
And far above a blackened canopy
Shut out the last rays of the sicklied sun.
The eternal voice went forth—the work of death begun!

Then pealed the thunder of offended Heaven!
The trembling earth from its deep centre riven,
Sent forth with one wild groan of agony,
Its boiling waters, rushing to the sky;
The lightning met them in their midway path,
And bore them back to earth—stern ministers of wrath.

Then rose one loud, last shriek!—the torrent poured,
And death's dark angel o'er the ruin soared,
Echoed each struggling prayer, each maddening cry,
And mocked his victims in their agony!
Hope's cherub voice and angels smile were fled,
And in their place despair watch'd o'er the countless dead.

There lay the mother, round whose lifeless breast
Clung the loved babe her dying arms had pressed.
And there, half shrouded by her golden hair,
Floated the wreck of all that once was fair;
And he, whose arm in vain was stretched to save,
Slept many a fathom deep beneath the howling wave.

Creation was in tears! the innocent flowers
Were crushed beneath the fragments of the towers,
Round which they clung: the home of majesty
Sheltered the loathsome tenant of the sea.
Darkness and death had spread their funeral pall,
And nature wept alone, above her bright one's fall.
W. G. C.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

From the New York Observer.

ANECDOTE.—The Rev. Mr. Pope, whose efforts in advancing the cause of Christ in Ireland, have been attended with such astonishing success, was one evening preaching to a solemn and attentive audience, when a party of Catholics advanced with the intention of making a hostile attack. As they arrived, Mr. P. paused; his friends immediately extinguished all the lights, and called out, with the true Irish spirit, "Proceed Mr. Pope, proceed. Only preach to us Jesus Christ, and not a hair of your head shall be touched." This account I had from a gentleman in Quebec.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

The minister of Jesus must expect to participate largely in the sufferings of his divine Master. Labor, privation, anxiety, and sorrow, are the common attendants of the messenger of salvation. Feelingly alive to the importance of his mission, and duly appreciating the value of immortal souls, he will be urged to exertions that will sap the foundation of his constitution, and thereby generate diseases that will probably send him to an early grave.

As the temporal reward of his gospel labors, he must expect a scanty pittance, and that pittance sometimes grudgingly awarded him; while every complaint on the score of maintenance or support, however just the cause, will be considered by many as evidence of a mercenary spirit, inconsistent with the ministerial character.

Although the Christian minister cannot say with Paul, that the immediate care of all the churches devolves upon him, yet he will generally find within the bounds of his own pastoral charge, a sufficiency of care and responsibility to banish mental repose from his bosom, and (not unfrequently) to drive sleep from his pillow. The duties of his office will lead him to the abodes of human misery, to the chambers of illness, to the house of mourning, and to the depository of the dead.

His conduct in all the relations of life, and particularly in the performance of his pastoral duties, will often be the subject of severe investigation and uncandid criticism. But all this is little in comparison with the distress he will sometimes feel in witnessing the inefficiency of his ardent and unceasing gospel labors: next to the pangs of guilt, nothing produces such severe mental pain as this.

His future prospects, were they bounded by the narrow limits of time, would be cheerless indeed.—The infirmities of premature age, disease and incapacity to labor, will soon be experienced; his former labors forgotten, even by many who have profited by them; some of his early friends gone to their reward; some separated from him by distance of place; some will have forsaken him; and, finally, he may be indebted to the hand of a stranger for the green sod that covers his mouldering bones. To prove the correctness of these observations, we need not cite the apostle of the Gentiles "forsaken of all men"—the apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier, dying in an Indian hovel alone, or the pious and learned Henry Martyn expiring by the way side, without a Christian near to console him, to close his eyes, or drop the tear of sorrow on his grave. No: these are not solitary instances of the ministers of Christ forsaken by men in their last days and latest hours.

But, although Scripture and experience fully justify the preceding observations, yet we are bold to assert, that the minister of the gospel fills the most dignified, the most important, the most desirable station occupied by the children of men. He is an ambassador of the King of kings, the bearer of the message of salvation to guilty, fallen man. How dignified his employment! how sublime the subject matter of his mission! All those important subjects that are discussed in the halls of legislation, the privy councils of kings, or that conclave of potentates misnamed the "Holy Alliance," in which the fate of nations is canvassed, and the destiny of nations is decreed, all, all dwindle into insignificance when compared with these.

The minister of Jesus who feels the importance of his ministry, experiences it to be a source of the most exalted felicity, of the purest pleasures. His Master is with him to support him, to comfort him, to sanction his own truth; and while the love of God warms his heart, and the Spirit of God sanctions his exertions; while the tear of penitence is falling, while the shouts of new born souls salute his ear, while he is the favored instrument of conveying the consolations of the gospel to the bleeding heart of suffering piety, what are his feelings? They are indescribable. Like old Jacob at the sight of Joseph, he forgets his pains, his toils, his sorrows; like Simeon with his Saviour in his arms, he says, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He realizes, in its utmost extent, the experience of the poet—

"Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
When thou, my God, art here."

He cries out with ecstatic rapture, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts!" He feels a foretaste of celestial blessedness, and anticipates the blissful hour when he shall meet his companions in toil and suffering, with the children of his faith and prayers, before the throne of God, and join the chorus of the skies in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. It is this "blessed anticipation" that smooths his rugged path across the vale of mortality, that tranquillizes his bosom in the near approach of death, and that enables him, in the last moments of mortal existence, triumphantly to praise his God, "who giveth him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

PHILANDER.

WHITEFIELD AND THE TRUMPETER.

A black trumpeter belonging to a regiment quartered in America many years ago, during a visit by the Rev. G. Whitefield, had resolved to give some interruption to that good man while he was delivering a discourse in the open air. At the hour appointed for the sermon, he repaired to the field where it was to take place, carrying his trumpet with him, on purpose to blow it with all his might about the middle of the sermon. He took his stand in front of the minister, and at no great distance. The concourse that attended became very great, and those who were towards the extremity of the crowd, pressed forward in order to hear more distinctly, and caused such a squeeze at the place where the trumpeter stood, that he found it impossible to raise up his arm which held the trumpet. He attempted to extricate himself from the crowd, but found this equally impossible. In a short time his attention was arrested, and he became so powerfully affected by what the preacher presented to his mind, that he was seized with despair, and was carried to a house in the neighborhood. When the service was over, he was visited by Mr. Whitefield, who tendered some seasonable counsels; and the poor trumpeter from that time became an altered character.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

FAMILY PRAYER.—AN EXTRACT.

"Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell."

Yes, such are the blessed effects which result from true devotion; for he who has the ear of God in prayer, controls the arm that sways the universe. It was this fact that made the sanguinary Queen declare that she feared more the prayers of John Knox and his followers, than an army of thirty thousand men. It was while Peter and John prayed that the house was shaken where they were assembled; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Acts iv. It was while Moses, Aaron, and Hur prayed unto God upon the Mount, that Joshua vanquished the Amalekites in the valley. Truly it may be said, Prayer is our guide to God; and the key to the treasury of God; for he can never become really poor who can pray, "seeing that the Lord is rich unto all that call upon him." Rom. x. 12. To encourage us to come boldly to a throne of grace, our Lord assures us that no earthly parent was ever more willing to grant the reasonable requests of a beloved child, than God is to answer the prayers of those who call upon him in truth—see John ix. 31; Rom. x. 12; 1 John, v. 14, 15. Another argument may be derived from our own helpless and destitute condition. Revelation declares us to be morally poor, blind, naked, and wretched; but the same blessed book points us to the exhaustless stores of divine grace, to supply all our wants, and to prayer as the appointed means. Are we sick? prayer is Heaven's own restorative; hungry? prayer supplies the precious manna; dejected and walking in darkness? prayer is the most effectual relief; for though a Christian may approach a throne of grace under much dejection, and scarcely able to hope for an answer, yet he shall not return empty; and at last, he shall reap an abundant harvest from the prayers which here he may have sowed and watered with many tears. Too much importance cannot be ascribed to prayer; especially where several Christians are united in that exercise. "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." This fact is strikingly illustrated in the case of Daniel, ii. 17, 18; and in the history of Peter, Acts xii. 12.

Is any pious family or individual in affliction, or walking under the hiding of God's countenance? let them unite together in prayer; and they have the highest authority to hope that God will come and help them. Is a church of Christ in a state of spiritual declension? let those, who feel the importance of the subject, unite together in solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and we are greatly mistaken if a revival of religion does not ensue. Such was the result in the days of Hezekiah, Solomon, and Azariah, 2 Chron. vii. and xv. chapters—and such has been the effect of fervent prayer in every age of the church. Almost every revival of religion may be traced to the united prayers of God's people, and we cannot but believe that the happiest consequences would result to the churches of Christ, if the ministers, located in any particular town or district, would meet at stated periods for special prayer to God, for a blessing upon their own souls, and upon their several churches. Let the deacons of churches, let the male and female members, appoint special meetings for prayer: and let each pious individual Christian pray to God for the outpouring of his Spirit upon the world that lieth in wickedness, and we have reason to believe that the world would soon be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. If, therefore, you love your country, and desire the present and eternal happiness of those hundreds of millions who are destined to populate this vast continent; if you love your own family; if you have any regard for the cause of Jesus, or love for your own soul; then cultivate the duties of *private, domestic, and public prayer.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

DEATH OF LADY ARROWSMITH.

The Arethusa sailed from Calcutta on the following week, taking on board as a passenger, Lady Arrowsmith, the widow of the brave Colonel Arrowsmith, a gallant and accomplished soldier, who fell in a battle with the natives. His death was deplored by all classes of people in India, and in England, as he was known to possess every honorable feeling. His lovely wife had shared his fortunes in that sickly climate, and had supported her privations with that greatness of soul that a soldier's wife should, when once she has united her fortunes with an officer's fate. She had witnessed her husband's valor, and at the same time his magnanimity and generosity; and her affections increased with every vicissitude, until at length, she received him a corse from the field of glory—having fallen, with numerous wounds at the head of his regiment. She did not rave nor fall into fits at this calamity, but seemed prepared for the shock. Soon, however, the pale cheek and the supernatural lustre of her eye, told her near friends that the dart had flown, and the flush of health was never again to revisit her face. She had been highly educated, and had moved, from the circumstances of her birth, fortune, and accomplishments, in the first circles of fashion.—Her face was one of those full of beauty and genius. Her large blue eye beamed a divine radiance on every thing of taste or virtue. Her form was tall and commanding, and every grace gave ease, dignity, and loveliness, to her person. She once had something of that sweet fulness so charming in an English lady, but the climate and her course of life had reduced her form to something so airy, that at times she seemed almost a being of another world. In the moments when she was the most thoughtful and abstract, there was a composure and serenity about her which at once overawed the proud and ambitious votaries of fashion.—The charms of the world had done their influence, and passed away. In the lovely and romantic nights of that climate she was in, when exhilarated by a sea breeze, she walked the quarter deck, looking at all things around her with overflowing tenderness, and at the heavens above with ecstacy. The summer skies in all countries are lovely, but near "Araby the blest," the stars seem lit up with new glory. She viewed them as kindred existences, favored by a proximity to Deity; as fields of light, so far off, and yet so near, by the power of mind, and the still stronger power of devotion. Religion has the effect of giving to the soul something the image of its Maker, of annihilating distances, and of making a conquest over time. The enemy of human life was still going on with his power, quickening the pulse of her beating heart, and wasting the vital flame. She had loved her husband with all the ardor of pure affection, and had left kindred and home to follow his fortunes in the East, and his death was felt by her as a shock from which she should never recover, and she hardly wished to live. Sometimes the thought of leaving her children was painful indeed, and the tear was now and then seen in her eye; but it was only for a moment—then all was serene.

As the quarter gunner had been recommended to her as a faithful and affectionate fellow, she suffered her boys, one of six, and the other of eight years of age, to be often with the honest tar, and she always treated him as a friend. The boys were delighted with all the ships, and other play things Jones made for them. And Lady Jane showed how much she was pleased with all this, by making many inquiries of him of the use of this and that part of the little ship for the boys to play with. The little fellows could hardly be persuaded to leave their good friend for a moment.—Jones had an ill turn, and was quite indisposed in his hammock, when Lady Arrowsmith brought him medicines and cordials, and gave them to him with her own hand. The big tear would trickle down the sun burnt cheek of the hardy sailor, when he found a high born lady so attentive to him who had known but little of the kindness of his fellow men, but had always been ready to bestow his best exertions upon others. The little boys would wipe his face, and tell him that he would soon be able to play with them, and Billy really began to feel that he was of some importance in this world.

Lady Arrowsmith grew weaker every day, and more ethereal as the hour of dissolution approached. At times she would call the chaplain of the Arethusa, to come and read the church service to her. He always obeyed her summons, but at the same time seemed under great restraint, and hastened away as soon as the reading was at an end. The chaplain, the Rev. Edward Pemberton, was a scholar and a gentleman, and also much a man of the world. He had taken orders to please his friends, for his person and his elocution were fine, and from these, united to great patronage, his success was viewed as certain. He was not a bad man, but he loved the world better than his profession, and was much more at ease in a ball room than at a death bed. He knew nothing of that warmth and happiness which attends the good man breaking the bread of life to hungry souls. Pemberton had known Lady Jane in India, for he had met her in the circles of taste and fashion, and he felt that respect for her character which her conduct had inspired among his associates; but when she came to request him to join her in her devotion, he felt himself in the presence of one so much superior to himself in the sight of Heaven, that he could not give the consolations of religion, but shrunk from the interview like one who had himself felt but little of the divine influences of the gospel. Lady Jane saw at a glance the emotions of his generous heart, and without one particle of vanity or enthusiastic fervor, she wished to teach him how a Christian should die; for she was every hour strengthened in her presentiment that she should never reach the shores of her happy country, nor again visit her delightful home, from which she had been so long an exile. She often in the sweetest manner conversed with the chaplain upon disputed points in divinity; not that she thought them of any vital importance, but simply to bring him out, and make him at ease with himself; for he was well read in controversial divinity and ecclesiastical history; and with great adroitness, and indescribable sweetness she turned to the lovelier features of the divine precepts, and taught him in turn to extract the spirit of religion from its defences.—The chaplain had been in schools, and had contended with fine debaters on disputed points, but he had never seen the effects of faith on the affections, nor been taught to feel that spirit of religion which sparkles in the eye of hope, and strengthens the mind it illumines. The uneasiness which the reverend gentleman at first discovered passed away, and he was as desirous of these religious conferences, as he was before anxious to avoid them. His whole conduct was changed; he left the table at which he was formerly disposed to linger as long as any one of his companions, as soon as the cloth was removed, and never again joined the merry song or wild tale, as he had been in the habit of doing before his acquaintance with Lady Jane. The influence of amenity and virtue are great in every walk of life, and the sailors themselves never uttered an oath before the *good lady* as they called her, nor ever discovered a disposition to indulge in any boisterous or rude jests which sailors are in the habit of doing. Bill Jones would listen for hours to hear Lady Jane instruct her children, or sing hymns of comfort and consolation. Bill would hug the little urchins in his care, and tell them how good a mother they had; but the little fellows could not fully understand why their mother talked to them so much about their conduct when she should leave them, and they would be in the care of strangers.

On a very fine evening, after a day of more than common heat, Lady Jane called Captain Dalrymple, and requested the honor of a short conversation with him. "I am soon to leave you, Capt. Dalrymple," said Lady Jane. "I am well acquainted with your character, and I know that you will do whatever I ask of you, if it be reasonable and proper." The captain bowed, and was much affected; she proceeded in a calm tone: "I know that I am soon to die; my time is nearly come—but I am prepared for the event. It is indeed hard to leave my infant children, but I must not repine at the will of Heaven; in truth, that agony is past. In that trunk my women will find my shroud, and it is my request that you bury me in the deep, and not attempt to convey my body to England. It would perhaps, seem to many, that I ought to prefer to rest in the tomb of my ancestors than to choose my grave in the ocean. The deep will give up its dead; the ocean has no terrors for me. I make this request, not to show any hardihood or indifference; but I think such an example, if it has its proper influence, might take away some of that dread, women have to a voyage. The chance of finding a grave in the deep ocean, often makes up no small part of their terror at embarking on a voyage. In the eye of philosophy it can make no difference where the dissolution of nature is effected; in the view of religion it is of less consequence. The believer goes down to the chambers of death in the glorious hope of a resurrection to life eternal. I entreat you to suffer Jones, the faithful friend of my little children, to be with them after he reaches England, as long as he wishes to stay with them. I have recommended him to my family, and provided for him in my will." Capt. Dalrymple was quite overcome, and stammered out his hopes that she would get well soon, but promised, if she should not, to do all she required. She cast on him a heavenly smile, but again said all hopes of life were over with her.

Several times after this she came on deck to gaze upon the heavens, and to watch the motions of those bodies of light which are full of inspiration to a mind made up soon to wander among them, and leave all things beneath the sun.

For several evenings as she retired, she caressed her children as if it were her last opportunity. The chaplain now visited her to learn lessons of wisdom and resignation, and began to feel a delight in discoursing upon the believer's hopes. He was with her often, and the last time he lingered longer than at any previous visit. She was recounting to him a dream which was so distinctly fixed on her mind, that it seemed like reality. She said, that it did not seem a dream—it could not be a dream; and yet it could be nothing but a dream. It was of heaven, and the joys of the blessed, and the songs of angels. The stars were under her feet, and over head was the glory of her Maker and her Saviour. The world she had left was seen also, far, very far below her, and all the busy beings were as insects on the wing, crossing each other for a moment, and then sinking down to the dust. As she went on, her countenance seemed to shine, as it were, with the glories of a transfiguration. She paused for breath—and the pause was eternal. The chaplain listened with painful anxiety. No sound was uttered—her pure spirit had passed away. The smile was still on her lips, and more than mortal loveliness still in every feature. The alabaster brow, the pencilled eye lash, and all the charms the painter ever gave, could not reach the heaven of her face, as she appeared at that moment. As the fact of her death was made known on board the ship, there was one general burst of grief, and all night nothing could be heard but the moans of the ship's crew, so much was she loved by all of them; and the sound of the carpenter's hammer, as he drove a nail into her coffin, which made the interval more solemn and impressive. At the going down of the next day's sun all things were prepared for the funeral ceremonies. A strong box, or rather an oak sarcophagus, was made in such a manner as to contain the body, with several large cannon balls to sink the body into the sea, within its narrow house. The armorer had prepared a silver plate, with the name and age of the deceased; for the sailors, who are naturally superstitious, thought that she, a saint in heaven, knew what they were doing, or at any rate, it eased their hearts a little to look at this rich plate themselves. All hands were called to attend the burial service. The Episcopalian form is impressive, when read with feeling and devotion. Jones and the two children were sobbing by the side of the chaplain, and when the service was ended, captain Dalrymple gave a sign to the boatswain to launch the coffin, which was resting on an inclined plane made of plank, into the sea—but not a man could stretch forth his hand for the purpose—all shrunk from the deed, they could not throw a woman into the sea. The captain saw the agonies of an affectionate superstition struggling in their breasts, and he would not be cruel to these good fellows, in any way; and he moved forward and slid the coffin to the side of the ship; and as it plunged into the water, one cry of bitterness and distress arose from the bottom of every breast. The ship's band had struck up a dirge which moaned over the waters as the coffin disappeared. The chaplain fainted, and was carried to the state room, and Jones stood looking into the water, with both boys hiding their heads in his jacket, and inquiring if mother would never come back again to see them, while he was attempting in the midst of sobs and sighs to sooth them by saying that the sea was no worse for a grave than the land.

So passed away the mortal remains of one of the most accomplished, and lovely, and virtuous of women. He who made his bed in the grave, and slumbered among the dead, can give the charms of Paradise to briny waves and to ocean cells—and can turn the iron mace of the monster death to a sceptre of everlasting hope.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Job vi. 15. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook; and as the stream of brooks they pass away.

This is truly the language of many a disappointed and sighing heart. We are prone to place dependence on creatures. The youthful and inexperienced mind expects much from FRIENDSHIP. Dependence is made on every promise; and every civility and every smile is regarded as the sure pledge of future bliss. From the buds of spring and the early blossoms, the most delicious fruits are eagerly anticipated—from the trickling rills of early friendship the swelling brooks and broadened rivers of delight are expected. Like the eager and thirsty traveller they press to the wonted stream and behold it is vanished. They trace its channel but it has fled away.

Job doubtless alludes to those land torrents which make a sudden appearance, and as suddenly vanish. They present every appearance of a lasting and refreshing stream; but when most needed they fail.—How fit an emblem of the friendships of this world! The holy patriarch might have justly expected much pity, consoling sympathy and relief from his friends; but his hopes were frustrated—his disappointments increased his calamities, and he was constrained to utter the language of deceived hope. *My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away; which are brackish by reason of ice, and wherein the snow is hid. What time they wax warm they vanish; when it is hot they are consumed out of their place. The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing and perish.*

This is a beautiful simile to describe the promising appearances of early and glowing friendship. It is a swelling stream. The great expectations which elate the minds of youth in views of future prospects; and the failure of all such sources of expectation. Such streams are rendered brackish and offensive by foreign mixtures. The frost chills and seals them in ice. If the heat liquifies them it also evaporates and dissipates them. In their rapid flow they strike out into new paths and spread their friendship. Unseen and unnumbered causes operate to produce them. Many have dropped away by death—many have forgotten you among the multitude of other objects and other pursuits—many have fallen a prey to vice and would be glad never to see you or think of you more—poverty and want have scattered some to seek their living in distant climes—others, by rising a little in life, can scarcely look so low as to recognise the friend of their former days. The defects in the principles of real friendship have appeared in so many, that the heart sickens with painful regret. How small the number of valuable friends who live and show themselves friendly through all the scenes of human life. There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—SEEK HIS FRIENDSHIP.

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

ESTHER SMITH.

It cannot add to or diminish the happiness of departed spirits to speak for or against their life; but it may be proper, profitable, and agreeable to the friends of the deceased, as well as interesting to the friends of the Christian religion, to hear of the pious life and triumphant death of one who in early life became pious, and who adorned the doctrine of holiness, until she crossed the wide billows of this world and went to join the heavenly host above. The short account to be given is respecting the life and Christian experience of Esther Smith, who departed this life, September 7, 1827, aged 22 years. God by his providence removed her mother from her when but two years of age; she continued to live with her grandfather until removed by death. She was early taught by him and others the importance of remembering her Creator in her youth, which instructions she observed, and ever sustained a moral character, previous to her experiencing the knowledge of sins forgiven. At the age of 17 she felt more than ever the necessity of a change of heart, as a preparation for a future state of existence, to which she felt she was swiftly approaching. And God of his infinite mercy verified that heart cheering promise that those who seek Him early shall surely find him. After giving evidence of her acceptance with God, she was received a member of the Congregational church, with which she continued for three years; during which time there was no Methodist preaching in the town. At length brother Marble who was on Norwich circuit came there and preached and formed a small class, which she joined on trial. She walked as becometh the gospel of Christ and was a pattern for the old and young. Whilst in her usual state of health she often observed that she viewed time to very short, and manifested great resignation to death, by saying that the grave appeared pleasant, and the thoughts of being with Christ, were more to be desired than all the treasures of the world. The person with whom she lived observed to me a short time since, that he never knew her equal for piety; she was one with whom Christians did not, neither could the world find fault. It was her delight to speak often in honor of the cause of Christ, and exhort sinners to embrace religion. The last time she met the people of God here below she remarked that she was leaving her dying testimony, which seemed to strike the congregation with peculiar force. Her language was the astonishment and admiration of all who heard her; but little did we think that this would be the last time we should hear her prayers and exhortations;—she went from the meeting and was that evening taken sick and recovered no more.

I visited her soon after she was taken ill, though she was not considered dangerous at that time. She said she had unshaken confidence in God, and expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ; I saw her not again; but I was informed she retained the same spirit, and not long before she died was observed by her grandmother to look up towards heaven, as though she heard the melodious sound of the bright harpers above, or gazed on their ravishing beauty. While delighting herself in contemplating on the happiness of departed spirits she smiled; the old lady asked what she was smiling at—she observed that she was transported at the thought that she should soon be with them to join them in their glorious employment, where she should sing most sweetly at the marriage supper of the Lamb. She was, a few Sabbaths previous to her death, received into full fellowship, and has now gone from the militant, to the church triumphant.

Thus lived and died our beloved sister in Christ. We feel our loss to be great; the church are not the only sufferers; her friends and acquaintance are deprived of the society of one who strove to do them good. But we must submit to the righteous government of God who doeth all things well. And may the Lord help us to live the life of the righteous, that our death may be like theirs. N. S. SPAULDING.

Stonington, Ct. Sept. 26, 1827.

Take Christ for your hope, his character for your model, his love for your motive, his Spirit for your strength, and his promise for your encouragement.

The heart at ease, or but lightly afflicted may rise to God through his works; but in seasons of severe affliction, our best approach is by his word.